



GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE...BUY NO LESS!



GIGGLE COMICS

10¢

NO 77
MAY-JUNE

WHY **SHOULDN'T** THE
LION BE KING OF THE
BEASTS? ISN'T HE THE
BRAVEST?

★★
6,723
LAFFS!
★★





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GIVEN!

**ACT NOW
MAIL COUPON!**



WE
ARE
RELIABLE!

Candid Cameras
with Carrying Cases,
Radios (sent postage paid).
Mail coupon to start.



56th
Year

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN! WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

**JIM and
BETTY FIND A NEW
"TREASURE"**



I'M TIRED OF PLAYING
PIRATES! WE NEVER
FIND ANY TREASURE
ANYWAY-



ME
TOO!

**ACT
NOW**
56th
YR.



Boys! Girls!
Ladies! Men!

Loveable Dolls
over 15" high,
Cub Fishing Out-
fits, Genuine 22
Cal. Rifles, Daisy
Air Rifles (sent
postage paid).
Give pictures with
White CLOVERINE
Brand SALVE sold
at 25c a box (with
picture) and
remit per cata-
log sent with
order to start.
It's fun! Easy!
We trust you!
Begin at once!



BE FIRST



Boys-Girls Bi-
cycles (sent ex-
press charges
collect). Mail
coupon to start.



HI, KIDS! LOOKIT TH'SWELL NEW
WATCH I EARNED, SELLING
WHITE CLOVERINE
BRAND SALVE!



-AN' I'M
WORKING
FOR A
BIKE NOW!
SAY, BETTY, THAT
BEATS DIGGING FOR
PIRATE TREASURE!
LET'S SEND IN
THOSE COUPONS!

**NO
MONEY
NOW**

Pocket Watches,
Wrist Watches,
Baseballs, Bats
(sent postage paid).
Other Premiums or
Cash easily yours.
To start, mail
coupon for White
CLOVERINE Brand
SALVE and Pictures
easily sold to
friends, relatives,
neighbors at 25c
a box (with
picture).



**YOUR BIG
CHANGE!**



GOLLY! THIS SALVE
SURE SELLS FAST!
NOW LETS CALL ON
MRS. BROWN -

A FEW
DAYS
LATER
JIM AND
BETTY
ARE BUSY
SELLING
WHITE
CLOVERINE
BRAND
SALVE

IT'S FUN!



--AND WITH EACH PURCHASE OF
WHITE CLOVERINE
BRAND SALVE, YOU
GET A BEAUTIFUL
ART PICTURE!

LOOK!



Footballs,
Basketballs
(sent postage
paid). Mail coupon to start.



Ukuleles, Jew-
elry, Watches
(sent postage
paid). Mail
coupon to start.

BIG CATALOG!

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets,
Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes,
Roller Skates, Blankets, Alumi-
num Ware, Record Players,
Movie Machines (sent
postage paid).
Rush cou-
pon to start!

**WE
ARE
RELIABLE**



GEE! SHE BOUGHT
2 BOXES! YOU'LL
HAVE YOUR DOLL
IN NO TIME,
BETTY-

-AND YOU'LL
SOON HAVE
YOUR FOOT-
BALL, JIM-

YES, KIDS, IT'S EASY
TO EARN THESE
PREMIUMS! TO
START, JUST MAIL
IN THIS COUPON--



MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....

Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 13 colorful art
pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand
SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will remit
amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or
keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium
wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....

St..... RD..... Box.....

Town..... Zone No..... State.....

PRINT LAST
NAME HERE

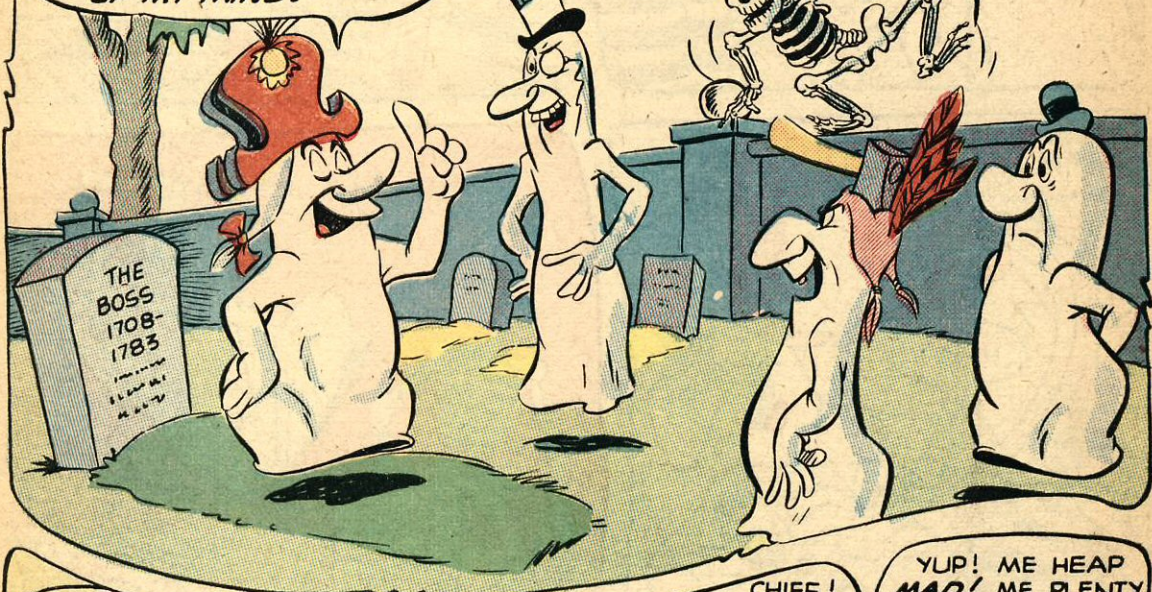
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

SPENCER SPOOK

BOYS! I HAVE DECIDED ON WHO'S TO GET THE CASTLE TO HAUNT! AS THE **BOSS** OF ALL YOU SPOOKS, IT WAS A HARD DECISION, BUT I'VE **MADE UP MY MIND!**

IT'LL BE **YOU AND ME, CHIEF!**

YEAH! ME **HEAP HOPE** SO!

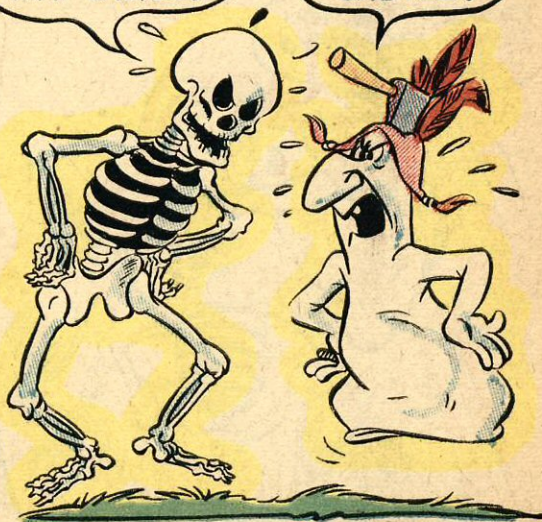
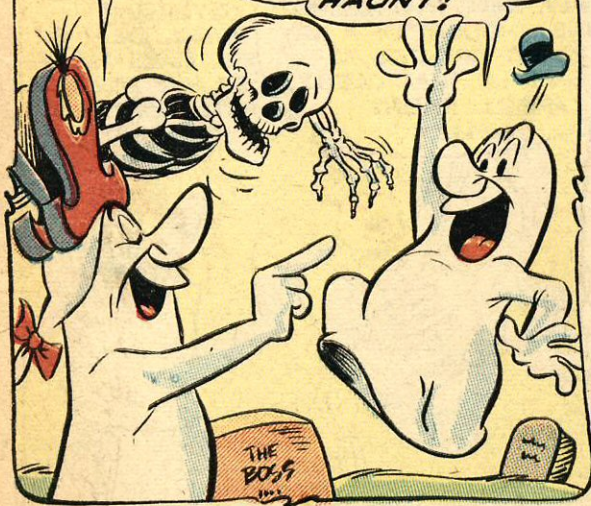


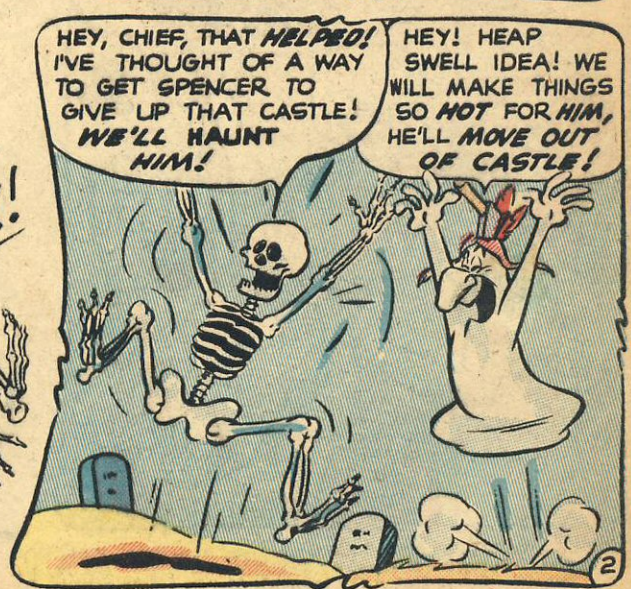
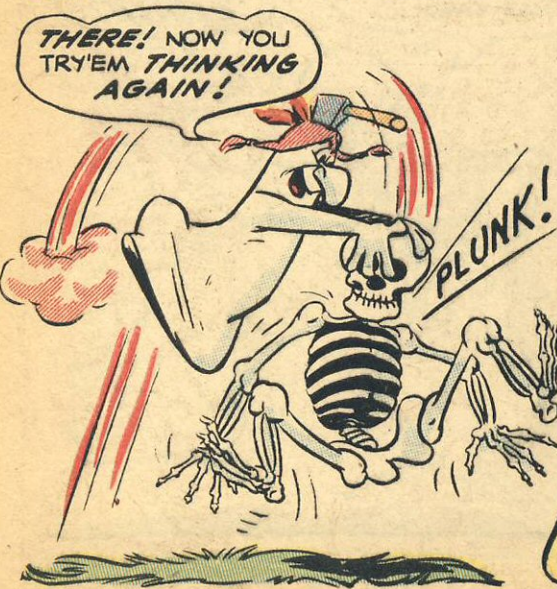
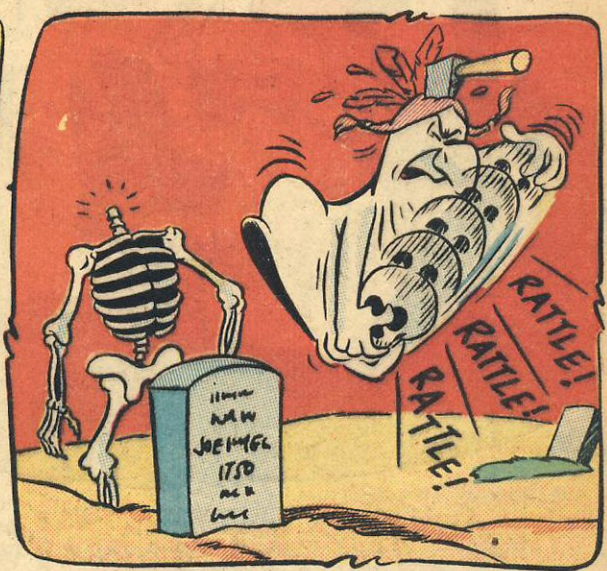
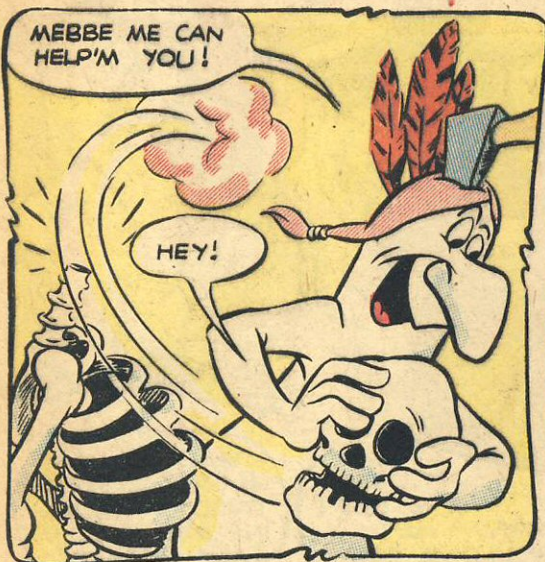
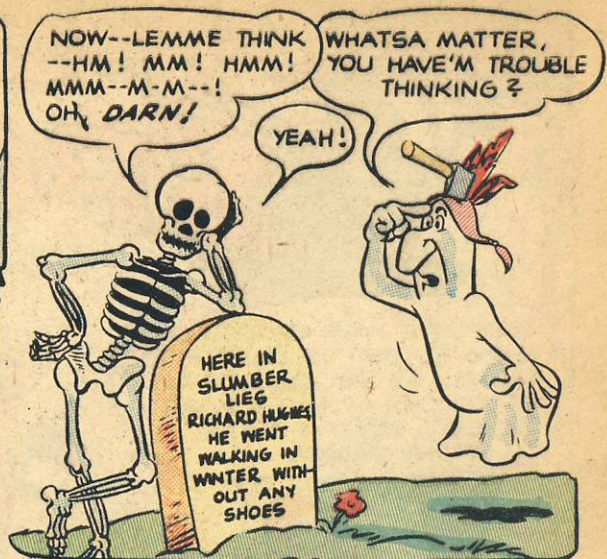
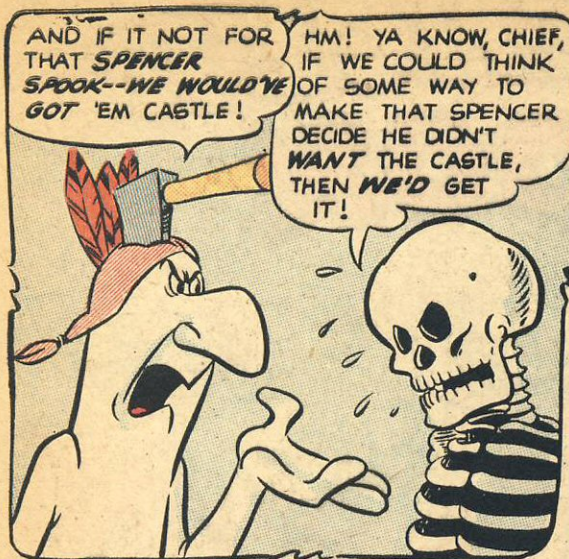
SPENCER SPOOK GETS IT!

ME? WOW! AFTER 425 YEARS, I'VE FINALLY GOT A CASTLE TO HAUNT!

CHIEF! WE'VE BEEN GYPED! WE SHOULD'VE GOT THAT CASTLE!

YUP! ME HEAP MAD! ME PLENTY TIRED OF HAUNTING WIGWAMS-- ME WANT CASTLE!

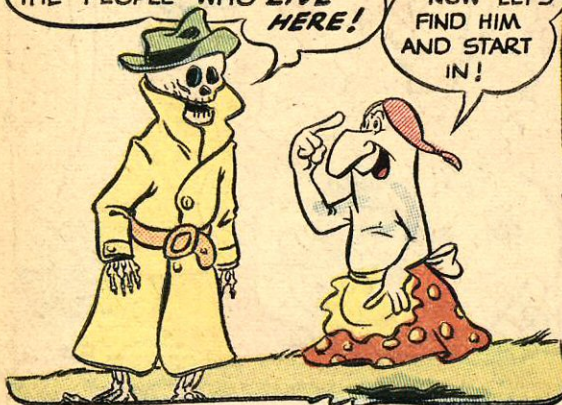




10, LATER AT THE CASTLE--

HEH-HEH--WITH THESE CLOTHES ON, HE WON'T RECOGNIZE US, CHIEF! HE'LL THINK WE'RE THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE HERE!

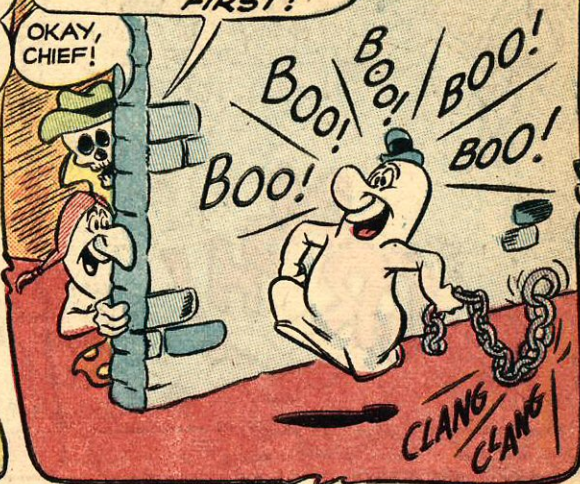
YUP! ME TAKE'M HATCHET OUT OF MY HEAD TOO! NOW LET'S FIND HIM AND START IN!



HERE HE COMES, DRAGGING HIS CHAINS! NOW, I'LL TAKE OVER FIRST!

OKAY, CHIEF!

BOO! BOO! BOO! BOO!

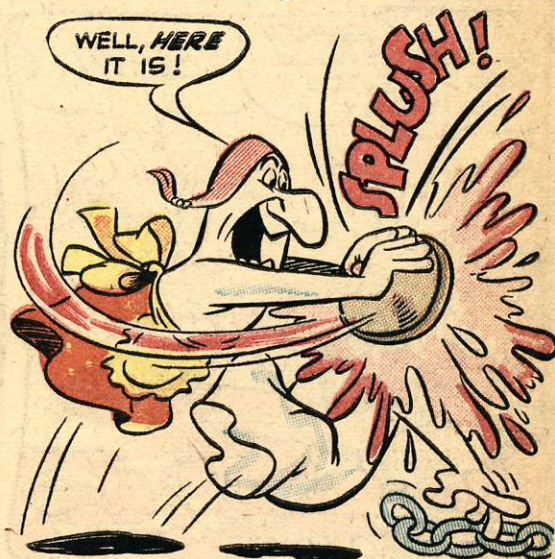


WHY, IT'S THE NEW GHOST! WELCOME TO NASSLE CASTLE! WOULD YOU CARE FOR A BOWL OF GHOST TOASTIES?

WELL, NOW THAT'S MIGHTY NEIGHBORLY, OF YOU, MA'AM!-- YES, I WOULD!

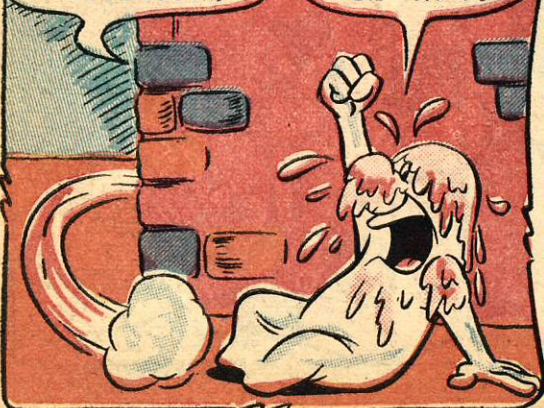


WELL, HERE IT IS!



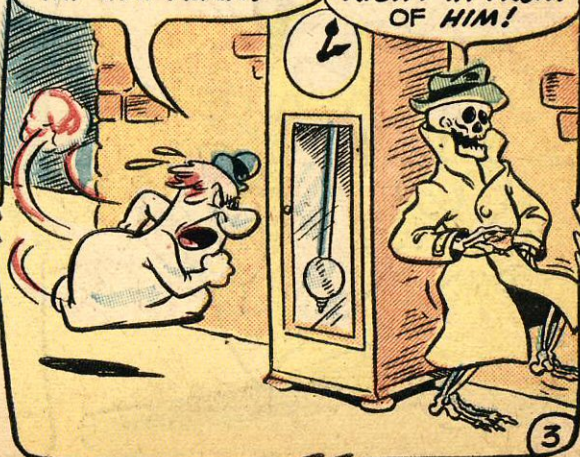
OO-HOO-HOO-HOO! WHAT A SIMPLY DIVINE GHOST TO HAVE AROUND! I'M GOING TO LOVE HIM! OH-HAW-- HOOOOOOOO!

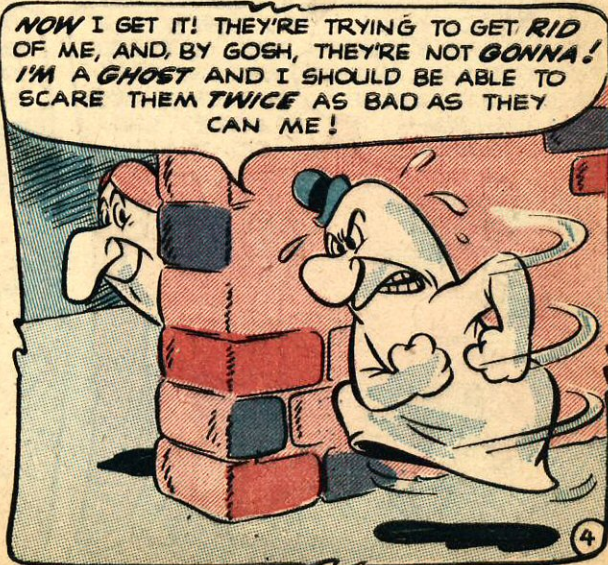
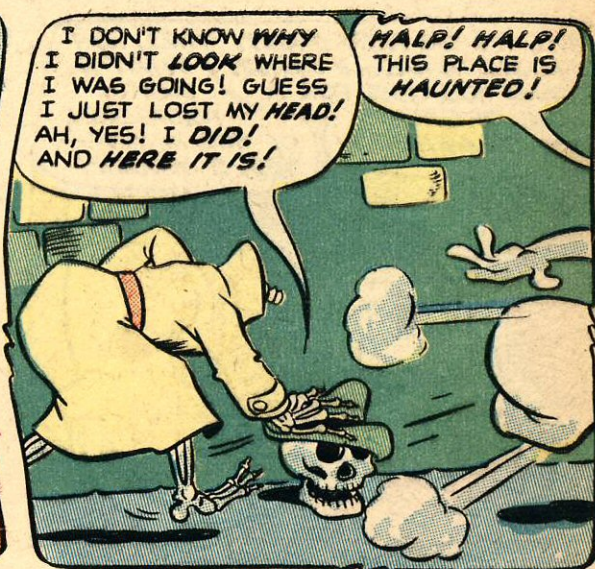
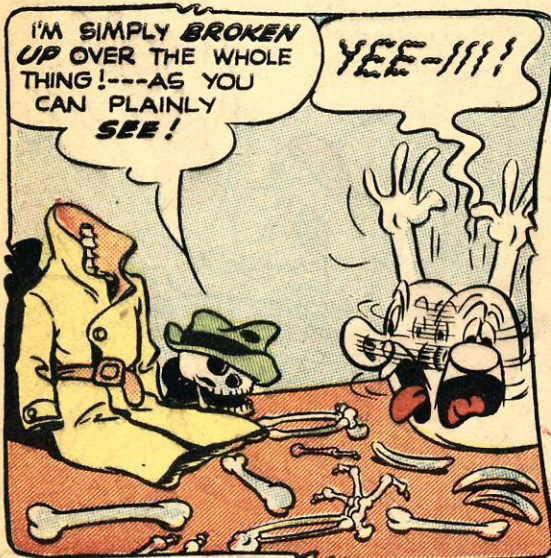
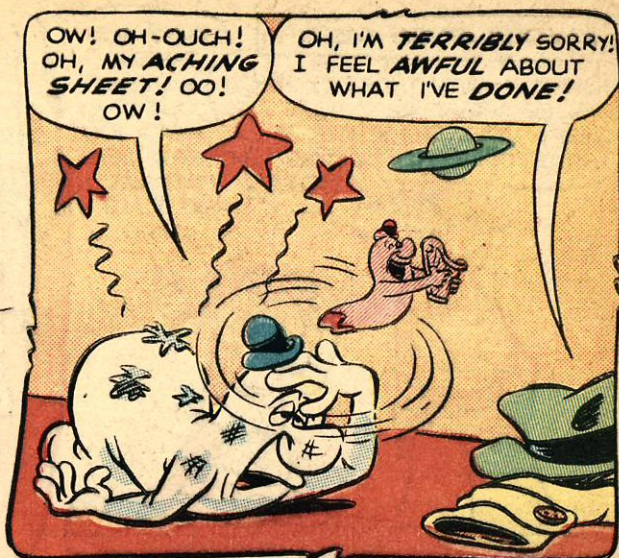
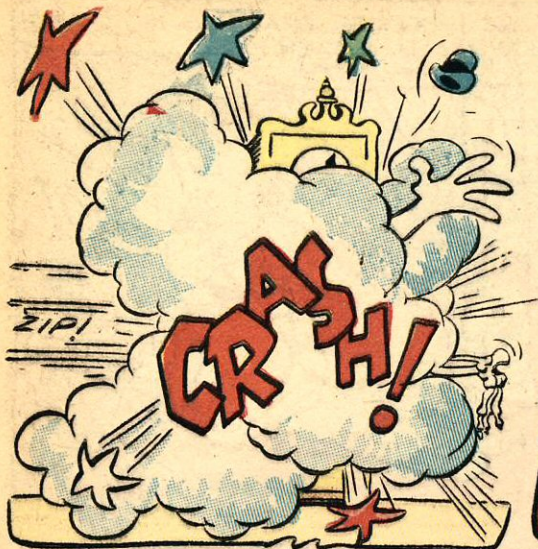
SO THAT'S THE KIND OF PEOPLE WHO LIVE HERE, EH? OKAY, SHE'LL BE SORRY SHE DID THAT!

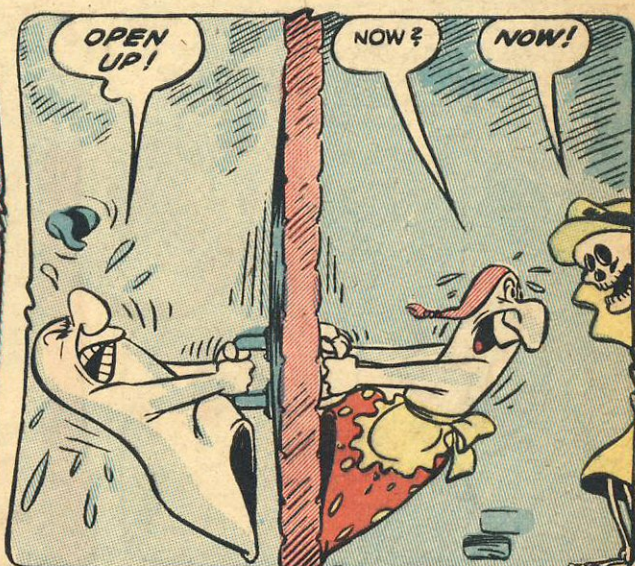
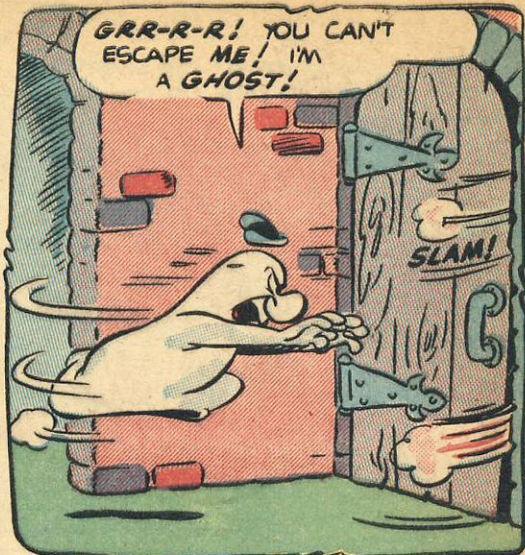
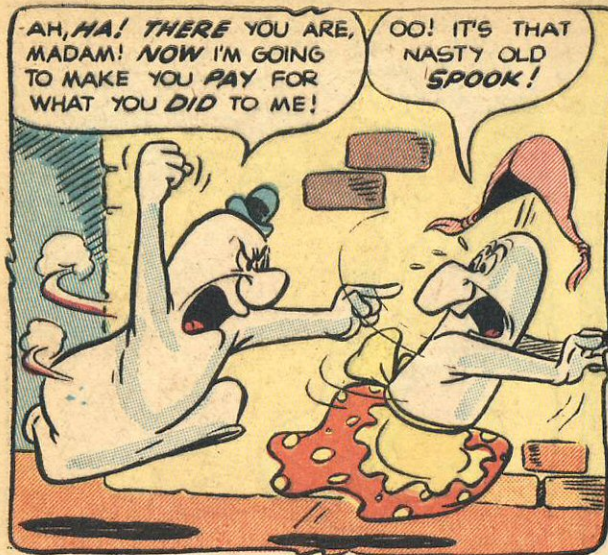


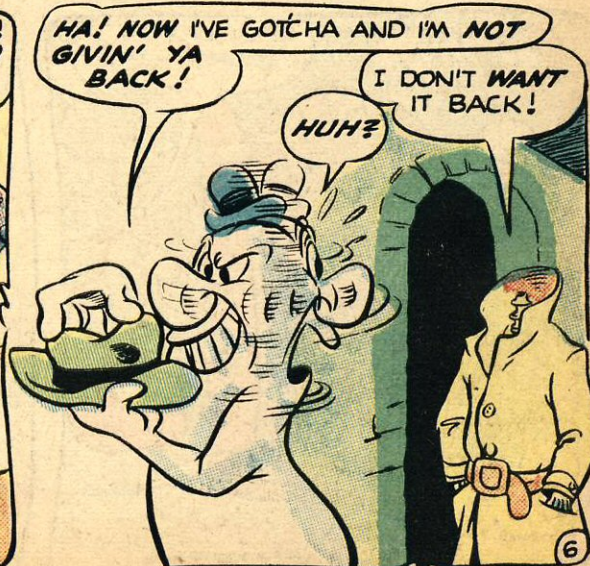
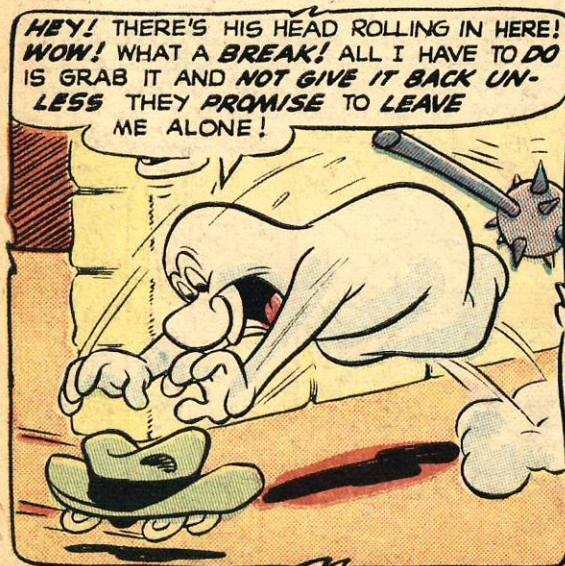
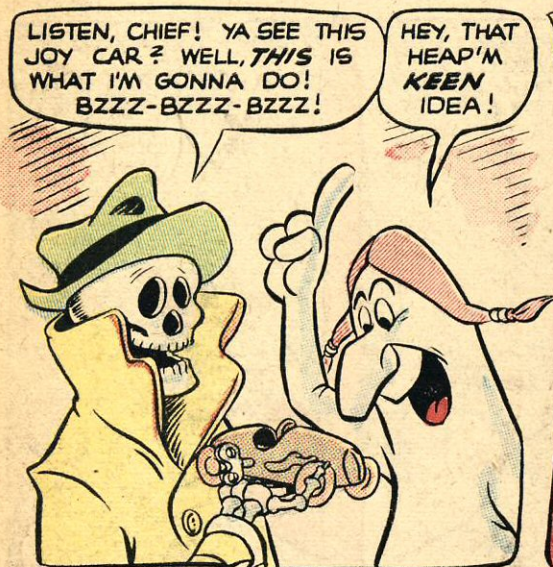
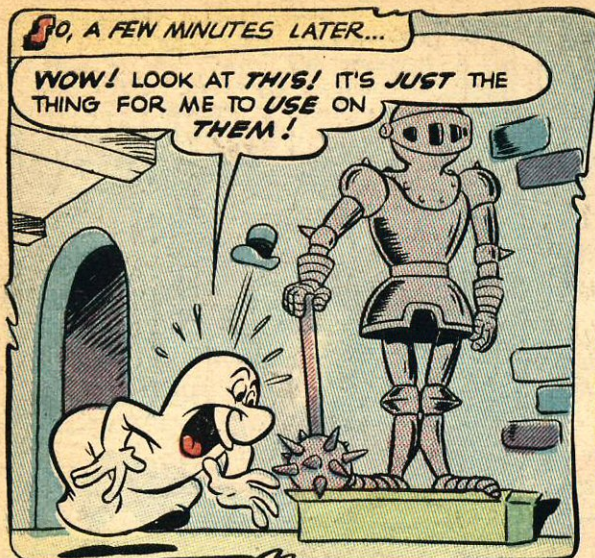
I'M GONNA CATCH UP TO HER AND SCARE HER SO BAD SHE'LL NEVER TRY THAT AGAIN!

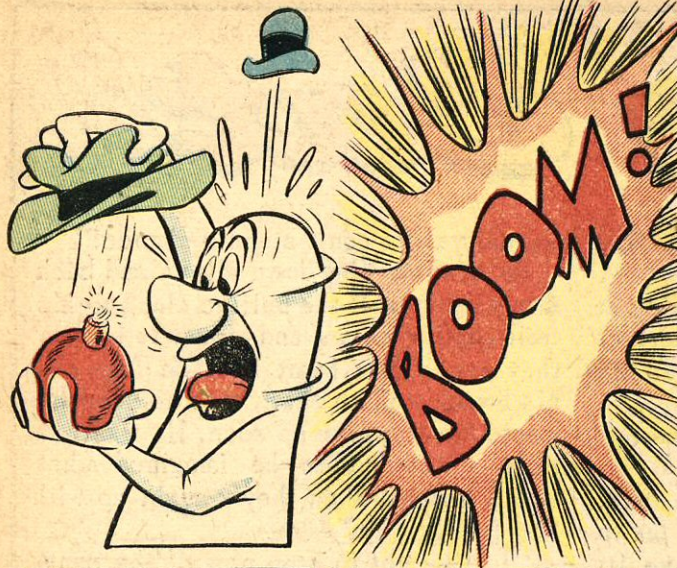
HEH! NOW IT'S MY TURN! I'M GONNA STEP RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM!







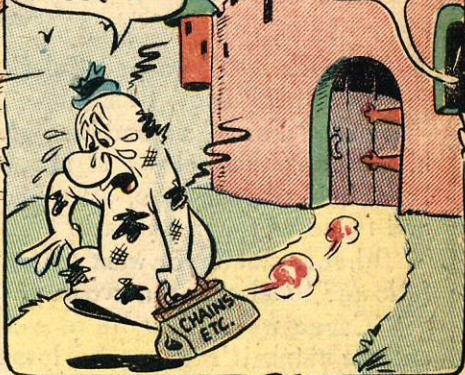




SECONDS LATER--

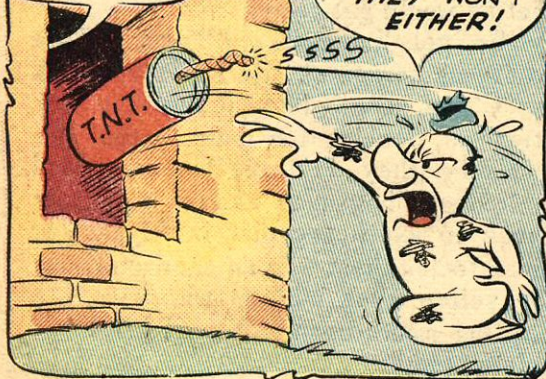
THAT DID IT! THEY WIN!
I'M LEAVIN' THIS CASTLE!
I CAN'T HAUNT IT AS
WELL AS HUMANS!
SOB I--

WOW! CHIEF,
WE DID
IT! WE
GOT RID
OF
SPENCER!



AND EVEN IF HE FOUND
OUT IT WAS US--HE CAN'T
COME BACK BECUZZ HE
LEFT OF HIS OWN FREE
WILL! WOW! WE GOT
A CASTLE TO HAUNT!

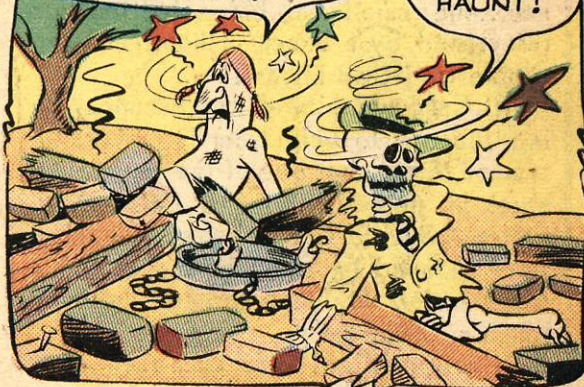
WELL, OF ALL
THE--IT WAS THAT
BONE PILE AND
THE CHIEF ALL THE
TIME!--OKAY, IF I
CAN'T HAVE IT,
THEY WON'T
EITHER!



ONE EXPLOSION LATER---

GULP! NOW WE GOT 'EM NO
CASTLE TO HAUNT!--I DON'T
KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT ME
GOING BACK TO HAUNTING
WIGWAM!

I'LL HAVE
TO JOIN
YOU, CHIEF!
I HAVEN'T
ANY PLACE
ELSE TO
HAUNT!



BUT-- GET LOST,
HEELS! I'M
HAUNTIN' THIS
WIGWAM
NOW!

WOW!

WHAP!

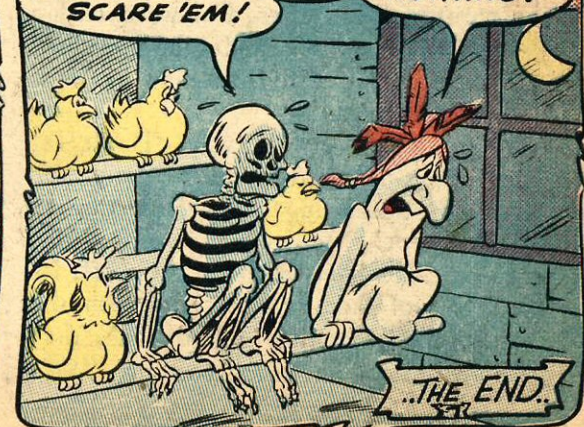
OUCH!



AND SO--

AW, LOOK,
CHIEF! WE
CAN'T STAY HERE! THESE
CHICKENS ARE SO DUMB,
WE CAN'T EVEN
SCARE 'EM!

BETTER TO
HAUNT CHICKEN
COOP THAN TO
HAUNT
NOTHING!



THE END.

Big Cat

OH, OH, OH!" gasped Cal Cat. "I'm in a tough spot, I am!"

He *was*! For all around him, glaring at him, baring their claws at him, were at least half-a-dozen cats, all twice as big and twice as tough as Cal!

"What...what do you want to *bit* me for, fellows?" Cal asked nervously.

"'Cause we *wanna*! We're *mean* cats, an' we think it's gonna be lotsa *fun* to smack you around! Let 'im have it, gang!"

Plop! Smush! Smish! Through the air a lot of ripe tomatoes came sailing, splattering Cal all over, so he could hardly see before him! It was a terrible thing to see...one small cat being bullied and threatened by a bunch of hooligans and unable to defend himself!

All Cal could think of was escape. Wiping the tomato pulp from his eyes, he started to run, but one of the tough cats stuck his foot out, tripping Cal into the gutter. "Ouch!" Cal's knees and elbows were skinned by the fall and it didn't make him feel any better to hear the rough laughter of the gang.

"I've got to get away from them, I've got to!" he thought desperately. For an instant, he lay still, pretending that he was unable to move. That would put the bullies off their guard, so that they wouldn't watch him so closely. Out of the corners of his eyes, Cal watched his persecutors. They were looking the other way!

With a bound, Cal leaped to his feet and started to run!

"Hey, he's gettin' away! Don't let 'im!" In a flash, the entire gang was after him, screaming and yelling threats as they went!

Cal did his best to shake them off. He tried to fool them by swerving around a corner, but when he looked back, they were still giving chase and shouting, "We'll

moide ya! Ya don't stand a chance!"

He tried ducking down alleys and back streets, but still the bullies clung to his trail, getting closer and closer to him as they ran! Cal's heart beat so fast and his breath was so short, that he knew he would have to give up soon. He was terribly frightened as he imagined what would happen when they caught up with him finally.

"I...I've got to stop now..." he panted, and then, he saw it! Straight ahead of him was a huge building that beckoned to him, offering safety and a chance for escape. With his last ounce of strength, Cal dashed into the building, praying that he would get away!

"We got 'im cornered!" one of the hooligans screamed. "He's in that building! C'mon, gang!" Into the building they streamed, looking for their victim! But suddenly, they all froze in horror, and their teeth began to chatter and their knees to knock together in fright. For there, facing them, was an enormous lion, his yellow eyes a-blaze with fury, his snarling mouth open to reveal his long, pointed teeth.

"Get out!" roared the king of the beasts to the quaking bullies. "I don't like cats like you! Get out or I'll..."

In a flash of tails and legs, the bullies swarmed out of the building, knocking each other over in their anxiety to get away. "Gosh," said one of them, "we'd better stay away from that cat after this! He...he's *magic*! He changed himself into a lion!"

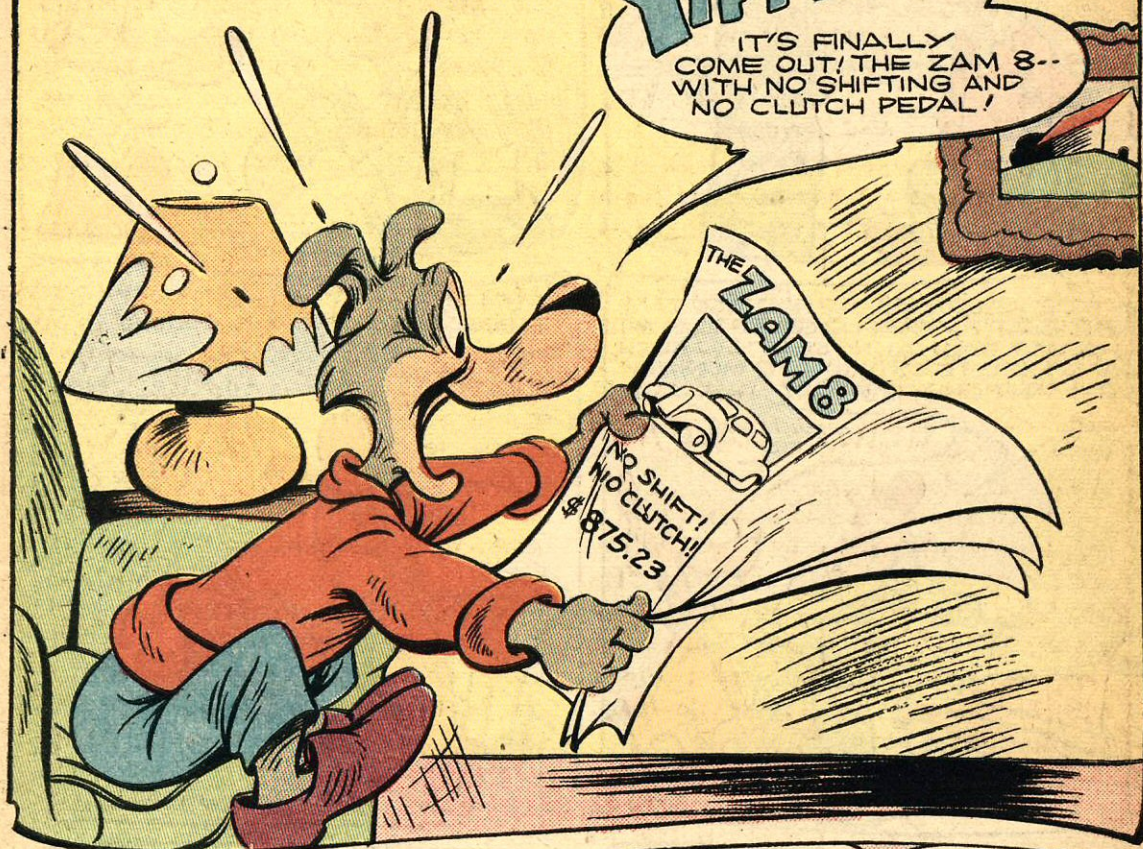
At that very moment, Cal Cat was smiling happily as he thanked the lion and sauntered out of the building, a free cat! "Good thing they couldn't read!" he said, looking at the sign over the building.

It said...*Lion House!*

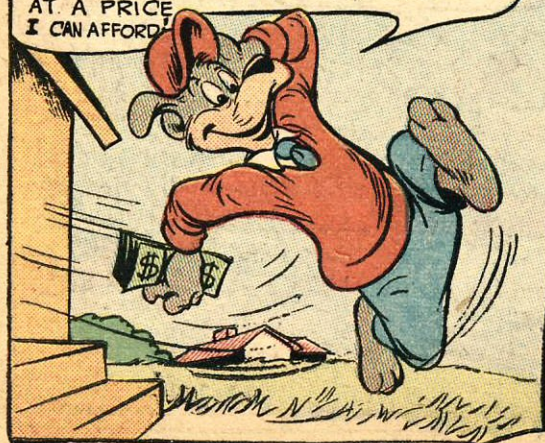
DOODLES

YIPPEE!

IT'S FINALLY
COME OUT! THE ZAM 8--
WITH NO SHIFTING AND
NO CLUTCH PEDAL!

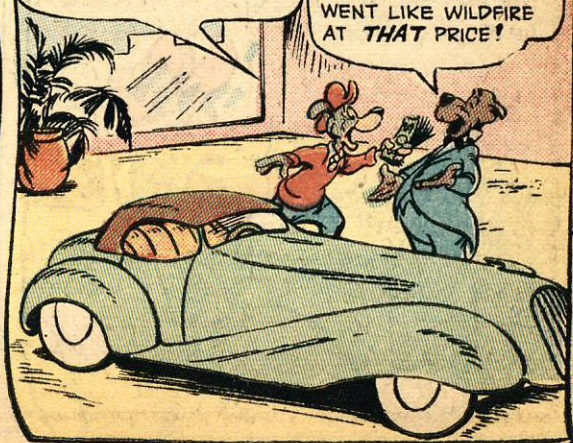


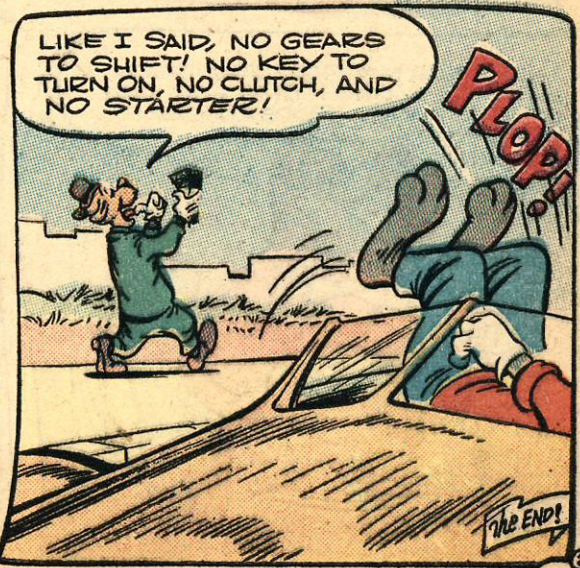
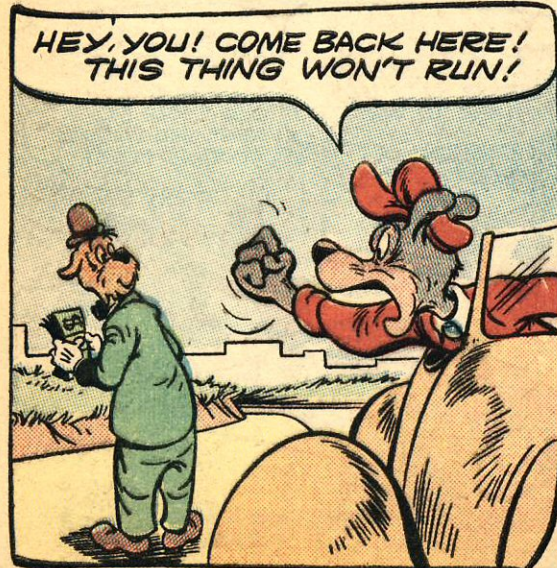
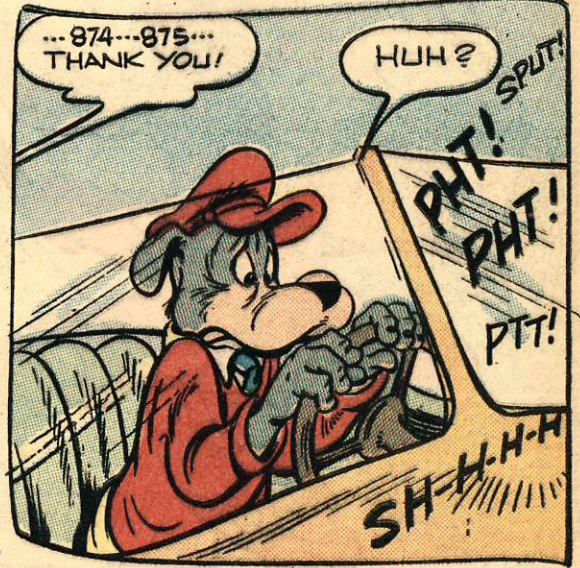
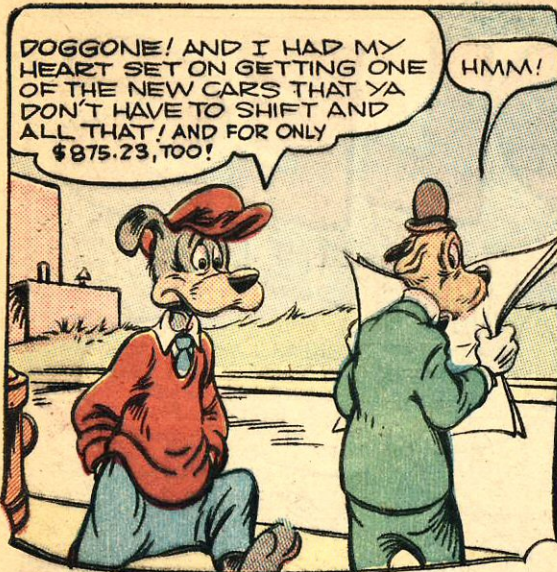
THAT'S FOR ME, BOY! I'VE BEEN
WAITING A LONG TIME FOR ONE
OF THOSE NEW MODERN CARS
AT A PRICE
I CAN AFFORD!



I'LL TAKE THAT
LITTLE NUMBER,
FRIEND, AND DON'T
BOther TO WRAP IT!

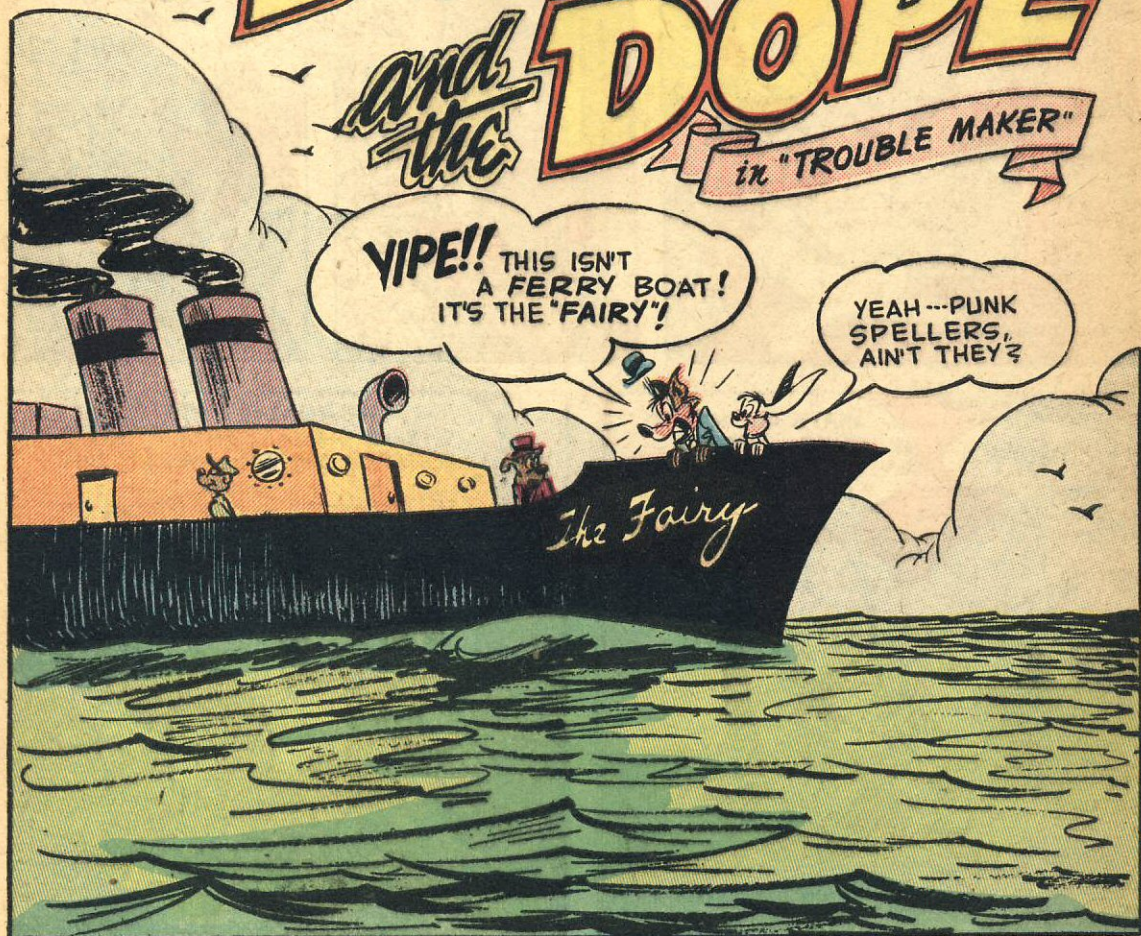
I'M SORRY, SIR!
THIS IS A DISPLAY
MODEL ONLY!
OUR WHOLE STOCK
WENT LIKE WILDFIRE
AT THAT PRICE!





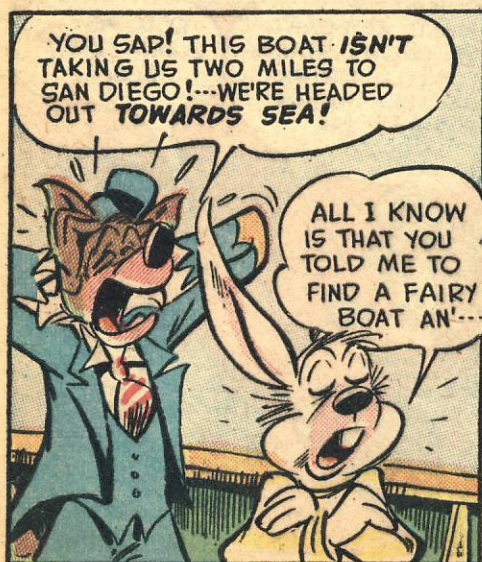
The DUKE and the DOPE

in "TROUBLE MAKER"



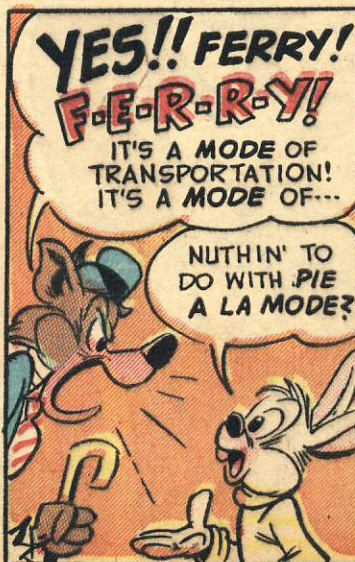
VIPE!! THIS ISN'T
A FERRY BOAT!
IT'S THE 'FAIRY'!

YEAH---PUNK
SPELLERS,
AIN'T THEY?



YOU SAP! THIS BOAT ISN'T
TAKING US TWO MILES TO
SAN DIEGO!...WE'RE HEADED
OUT TOWARDS SEA!

ALL I KNOW
IS THAT YOU
TOLD ME TO
FIND A FAIRY
BOAT AN'---



YES!! FERRY!
F-E-R-R-Y!

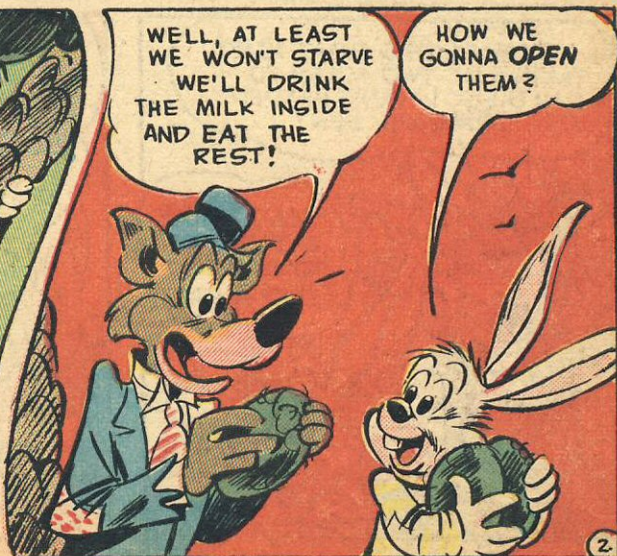
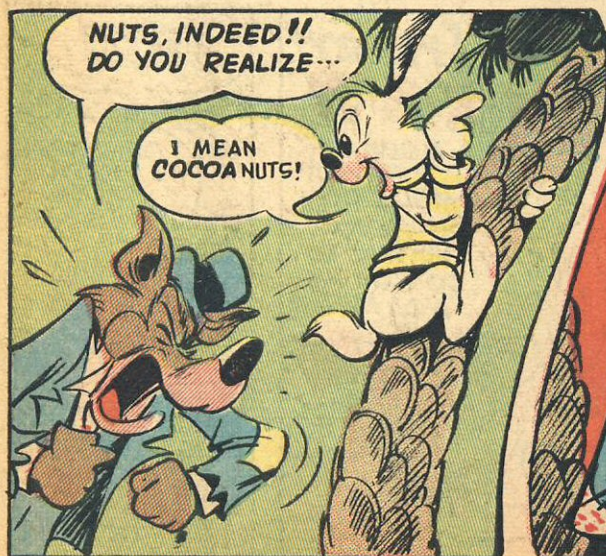
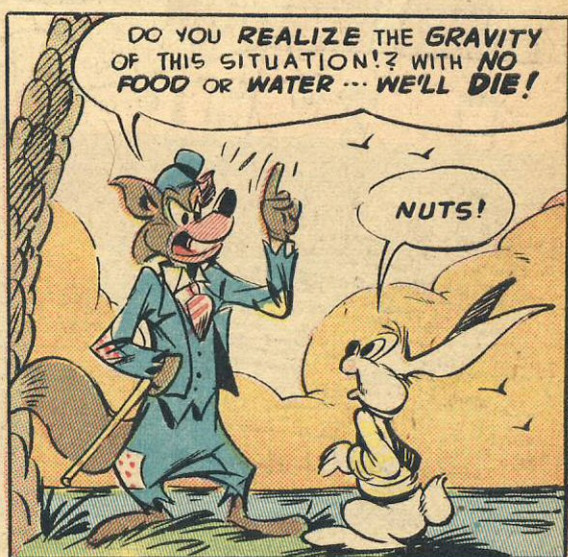
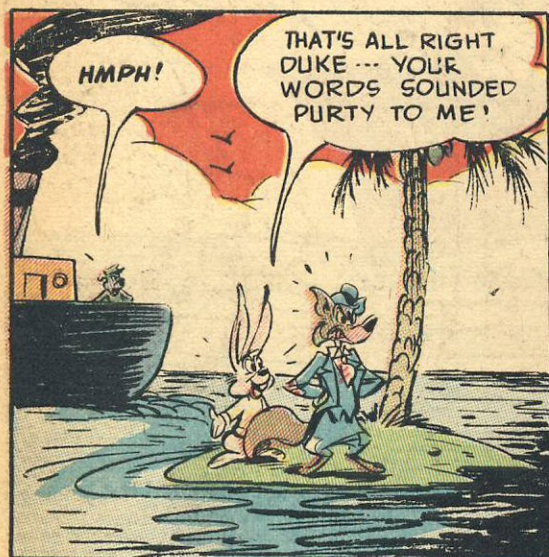
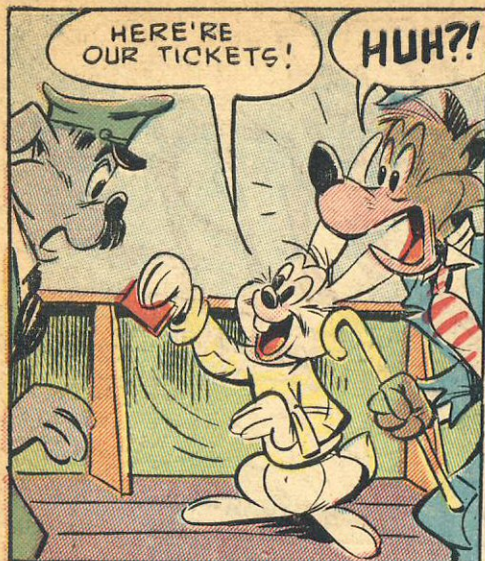
IT'S A MODE OF
TRANSPORTATION!
IT'S A MODE OF---

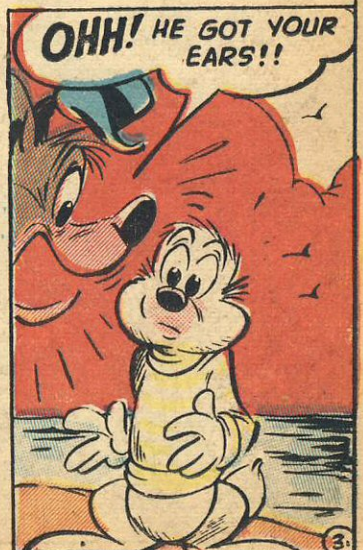
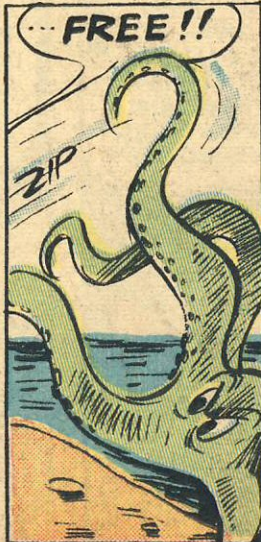
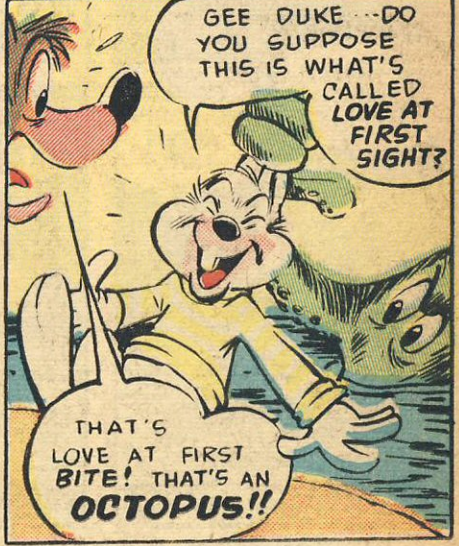
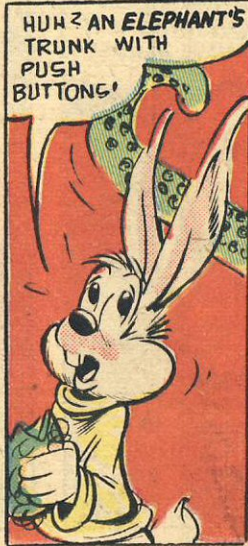
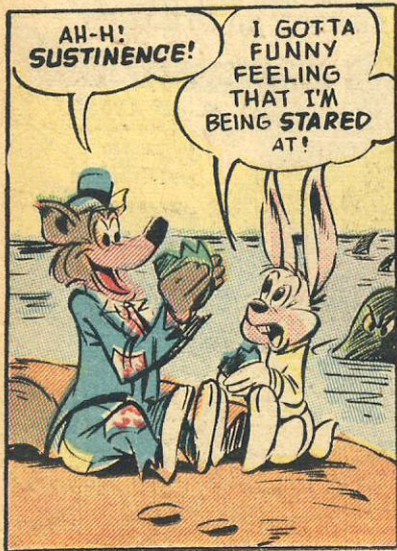
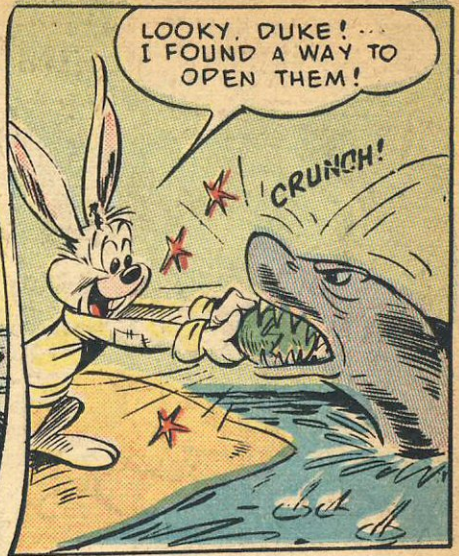
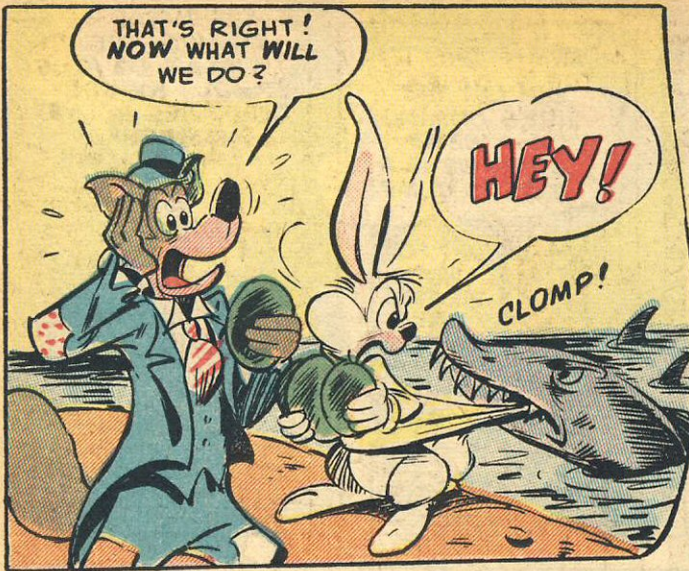
NUTHIN' TO
DO WITH PIE
A LA MODE?

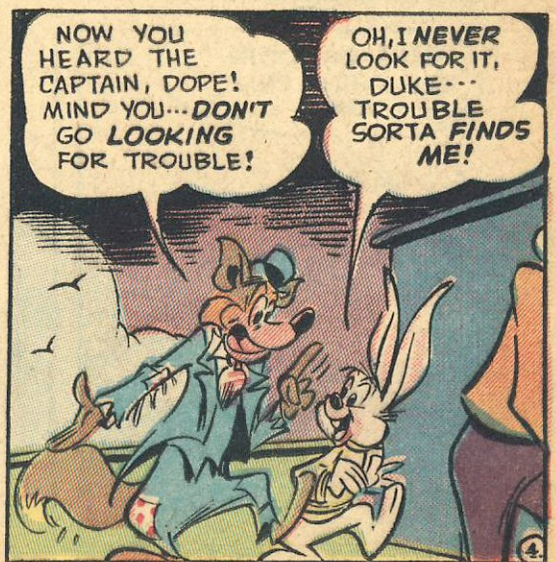
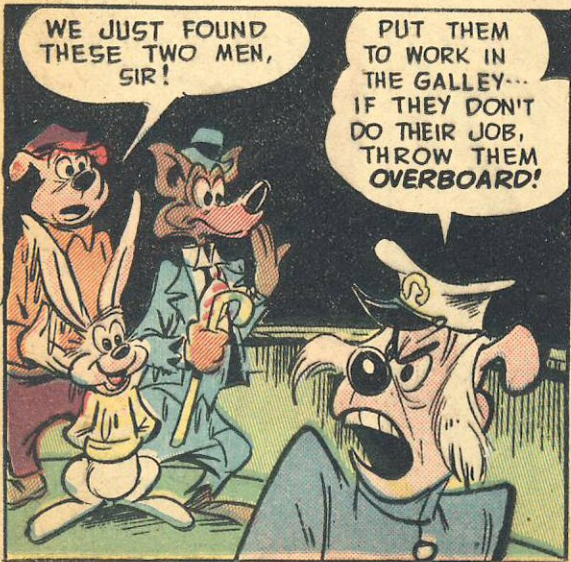
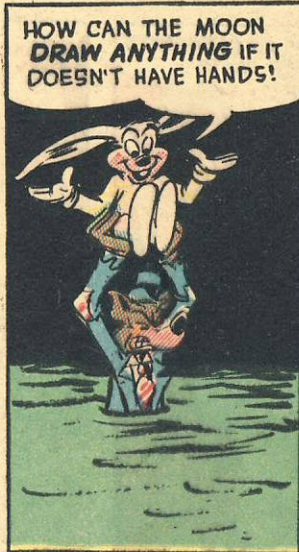
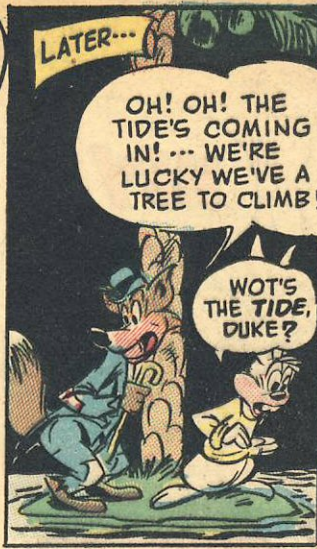


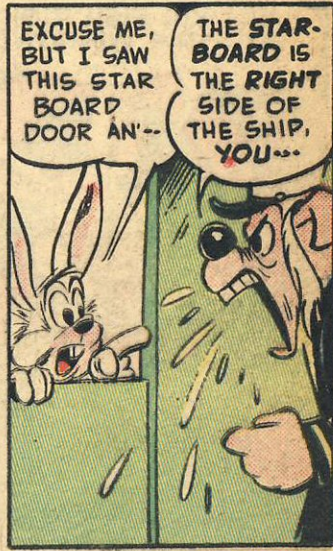
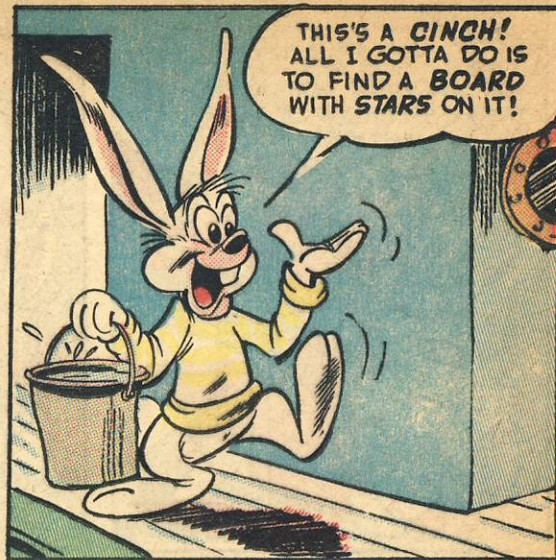
TICKETS,
PLEASE!

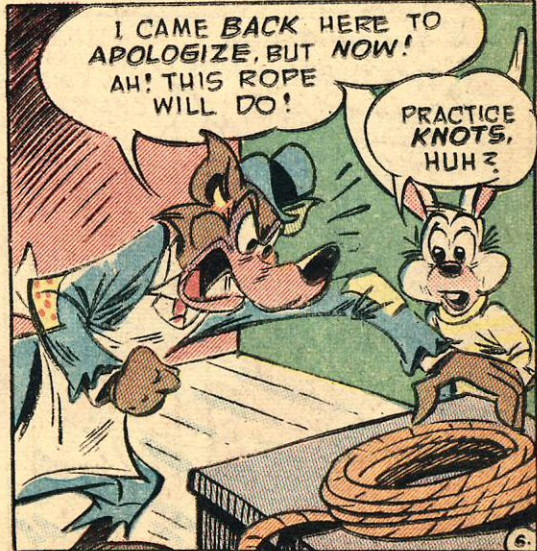
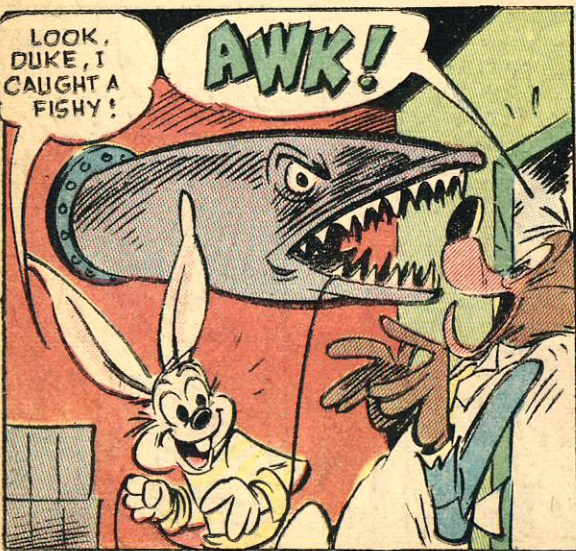
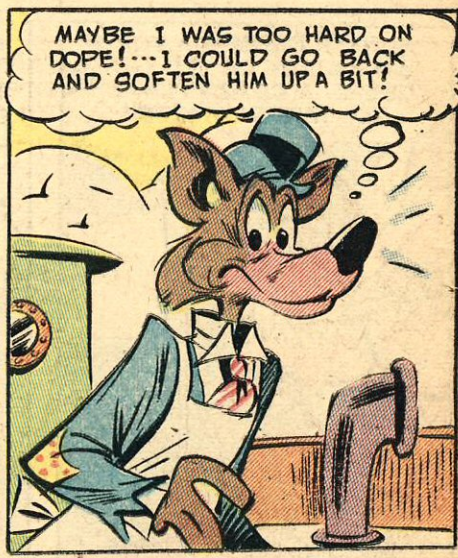
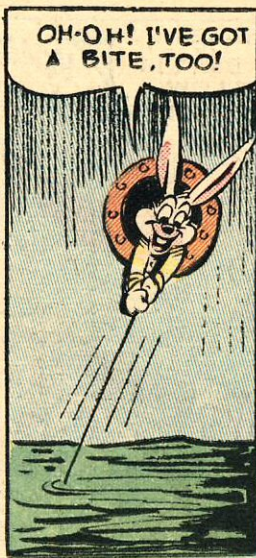
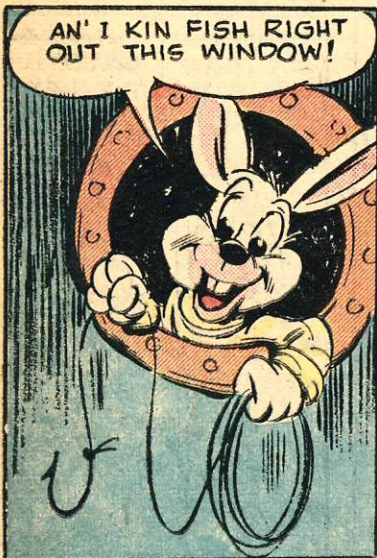
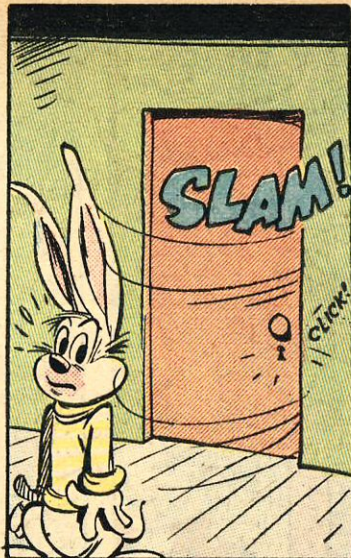
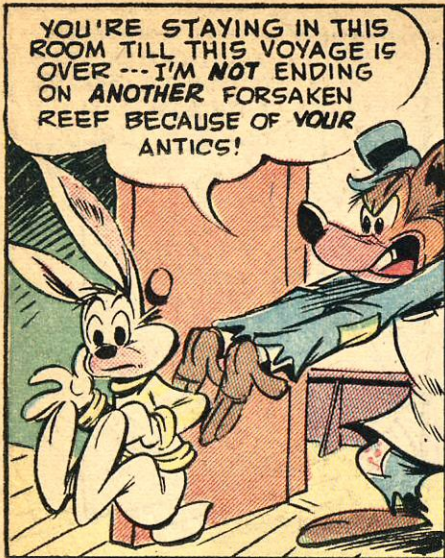
OH-H! HOW
I HATE
THESE
SITUATIONS!

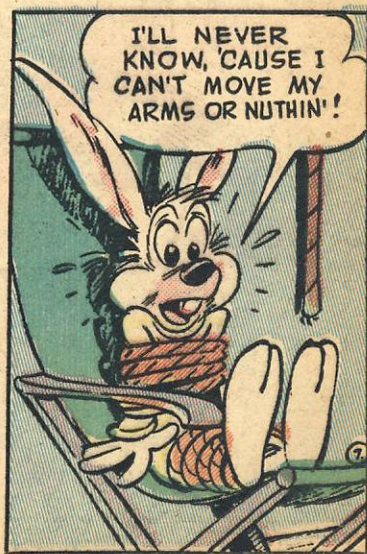
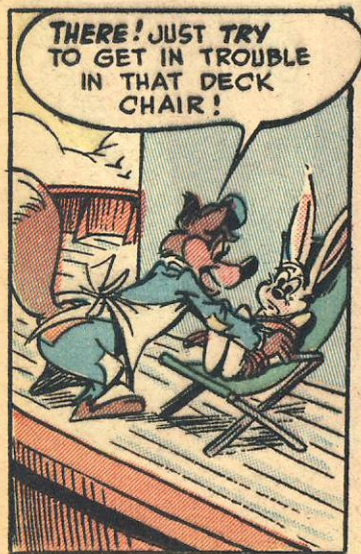
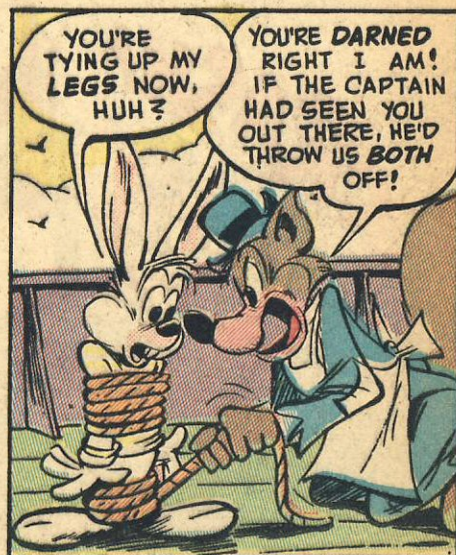
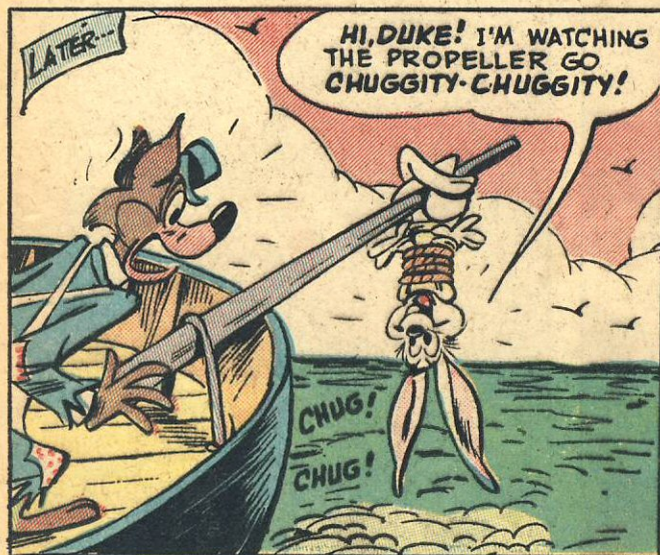
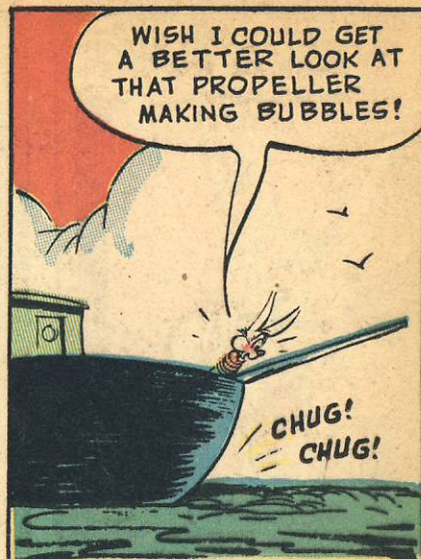
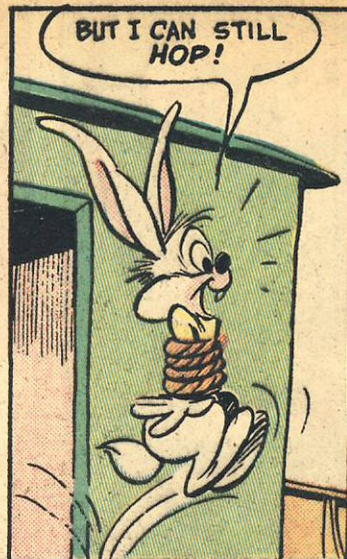
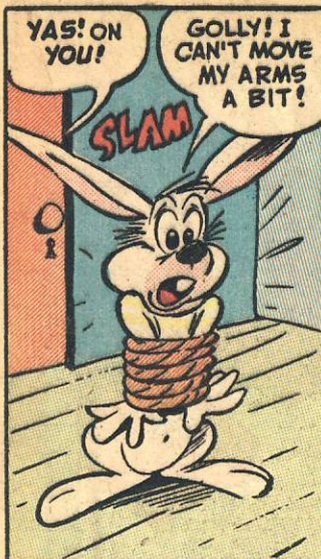


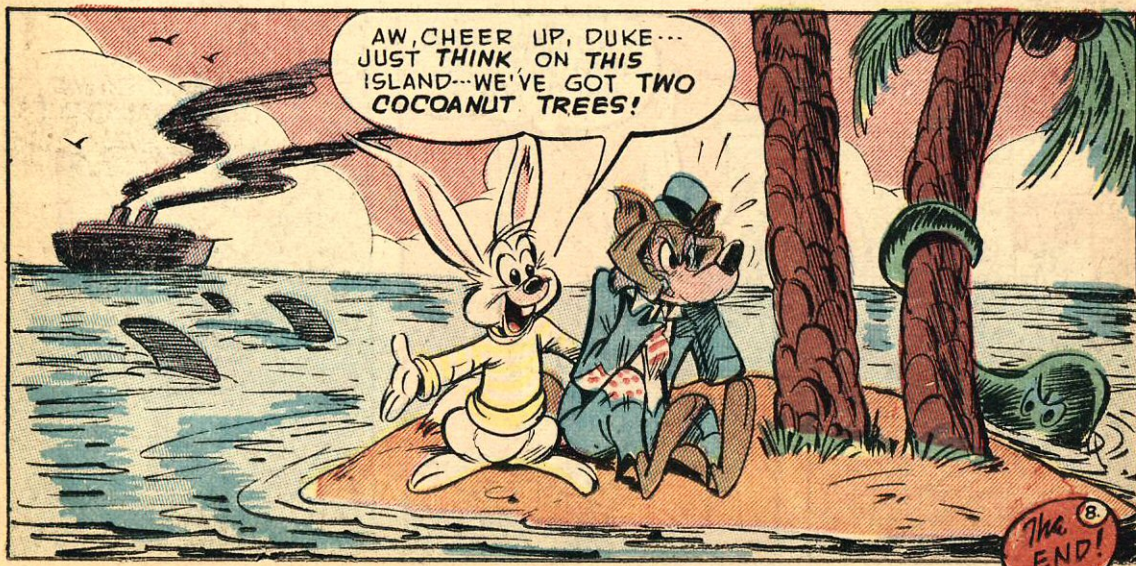
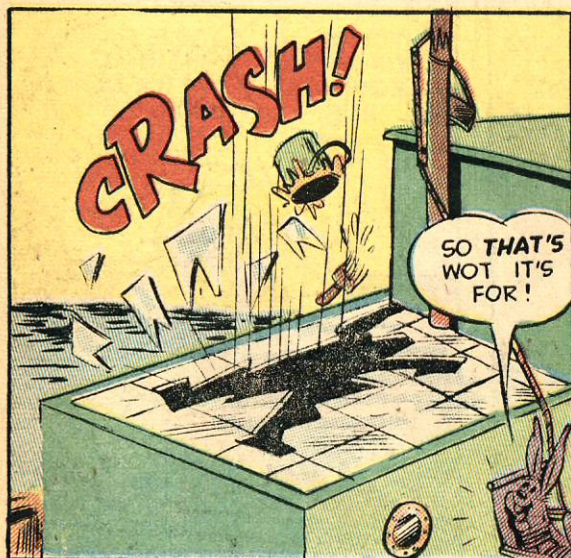
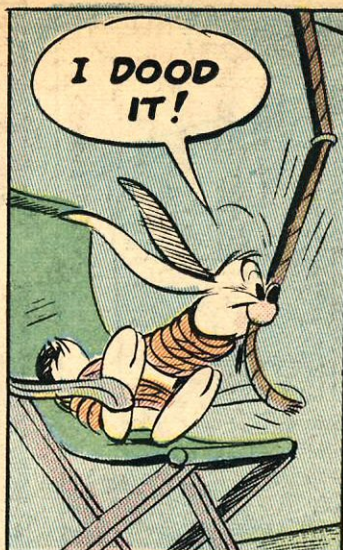
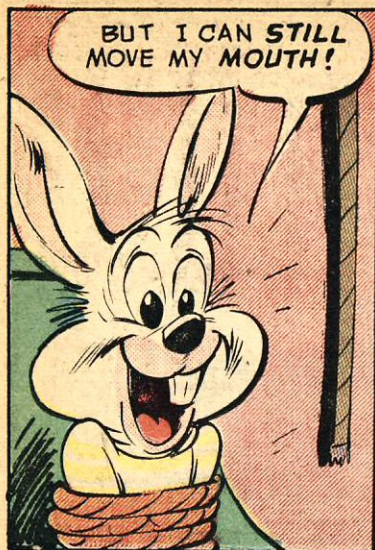












FRANCOIS FELINE

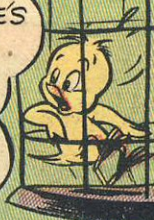
NOW GIVE ME YOUR HONEST CRITICISM, MERCEDES! THIS IS A LITTLE ONE-ACT PLAY I'M GONNA GIVE AT THE ANNUAL CAREFREE KITTIES FISH-HEAD BARBECUE! --AH-HEM!-- "PRAY, PUSSY DEAR, WHERE DOST THOU WANDER? OVER ---"



OH, BROTHER! HERE HE GOES AGAIN!

WE'VE GOT TO CUT EXPENSES. BONNIE! I'VE HAD A CUT IN SALARY!

WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT! WE'VE GOT THREE PETS -- ONE OF THEM MUST GO! WE'LL ONLY KEEP THE MOST USEFUL ONES!

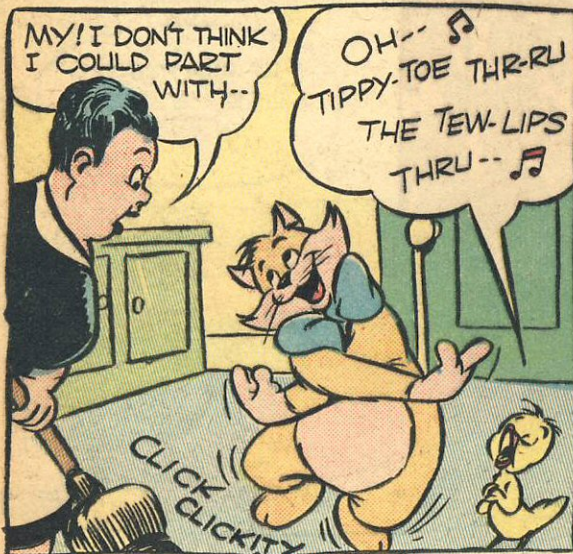
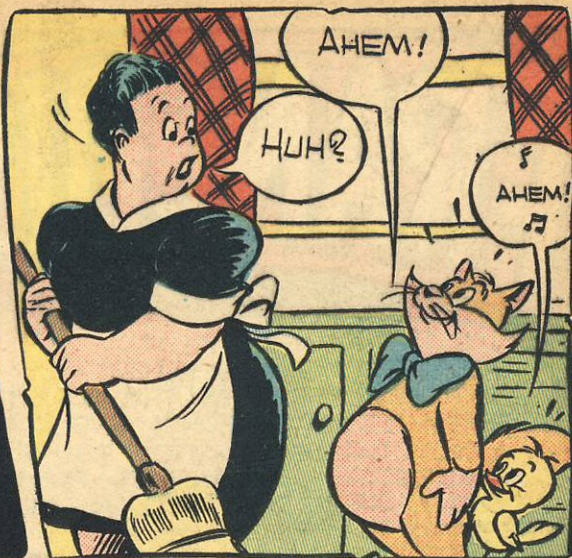


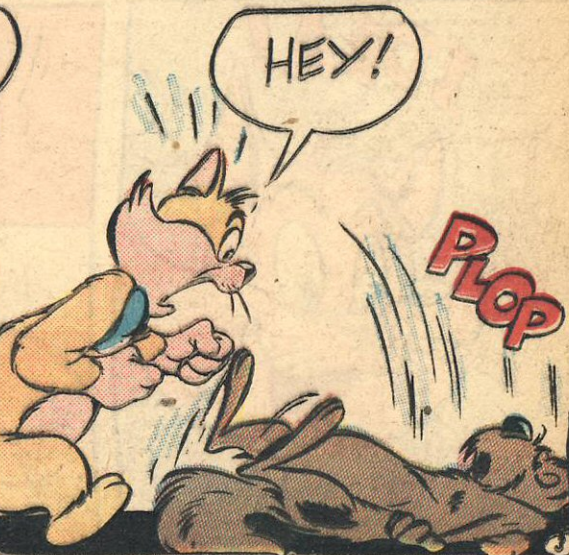
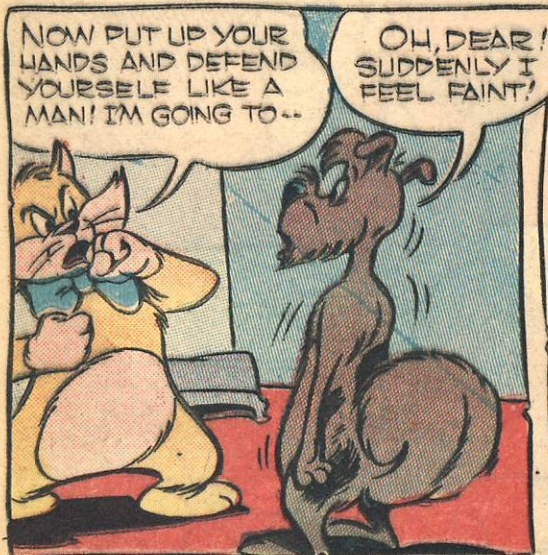
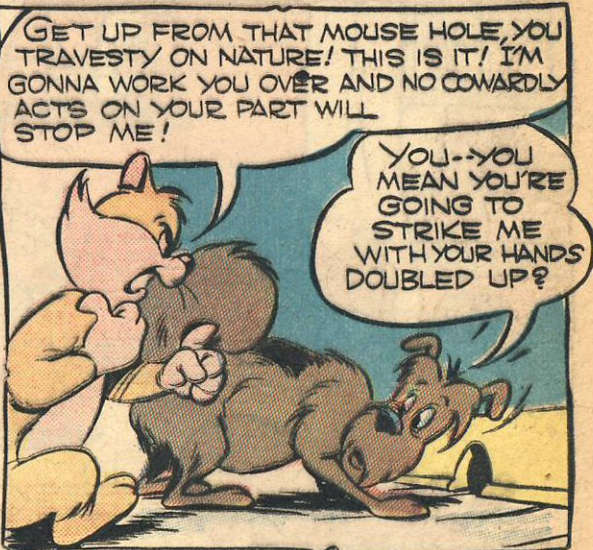
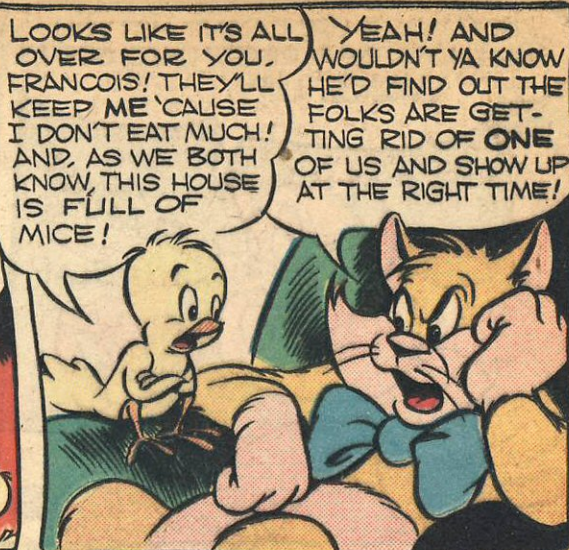
DID YOU HEAR THAT? WE'D BETTER GET BUSY AND SHOW 'EM HOW INDISPENSABLE WE ARE!

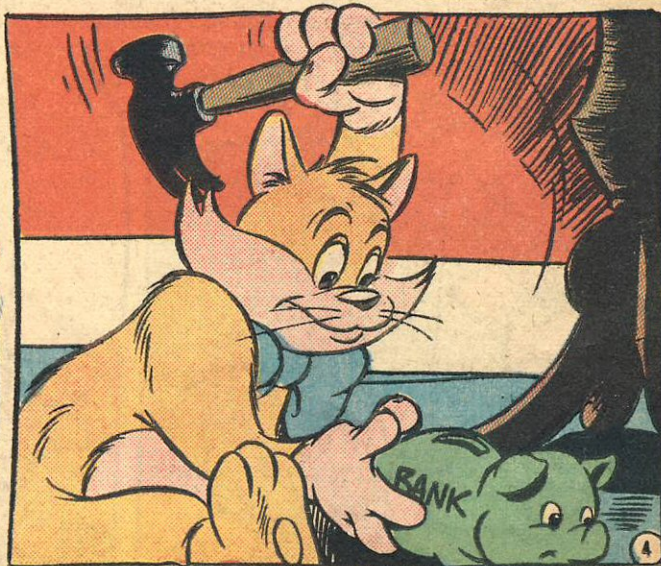
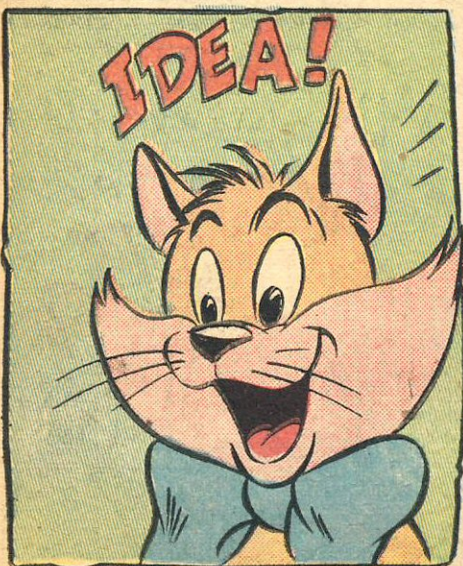
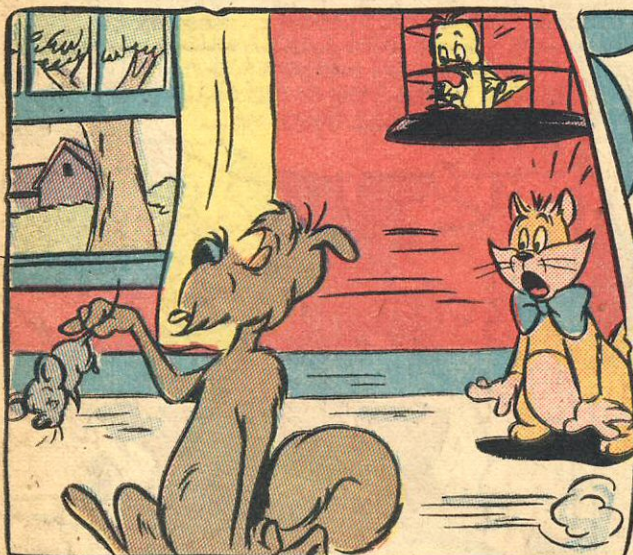
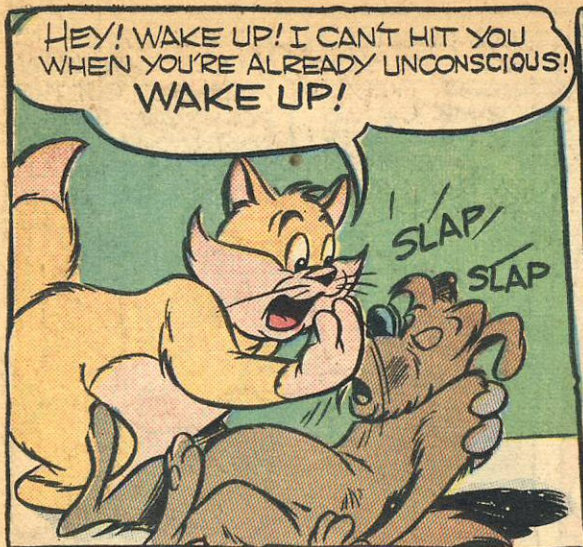
YEAH, AND FOR ONCE WE GOT A BREAK! THAT MURGATROYD DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO DO!

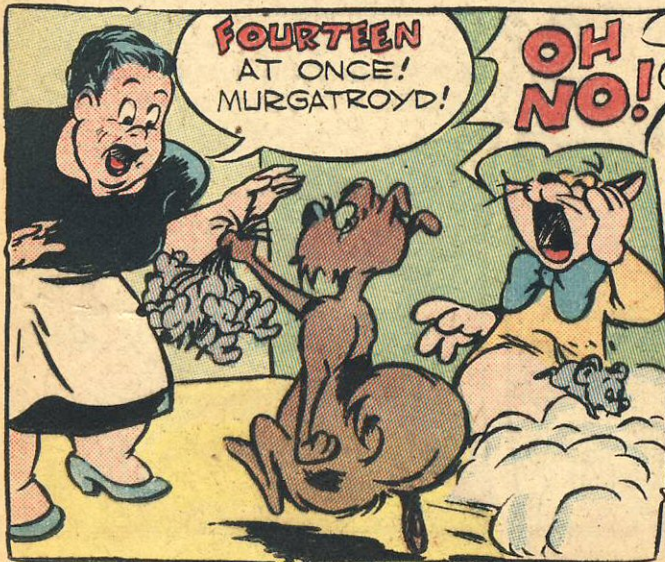


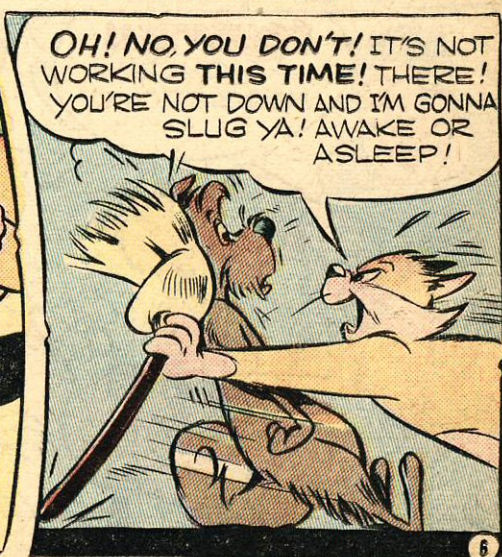
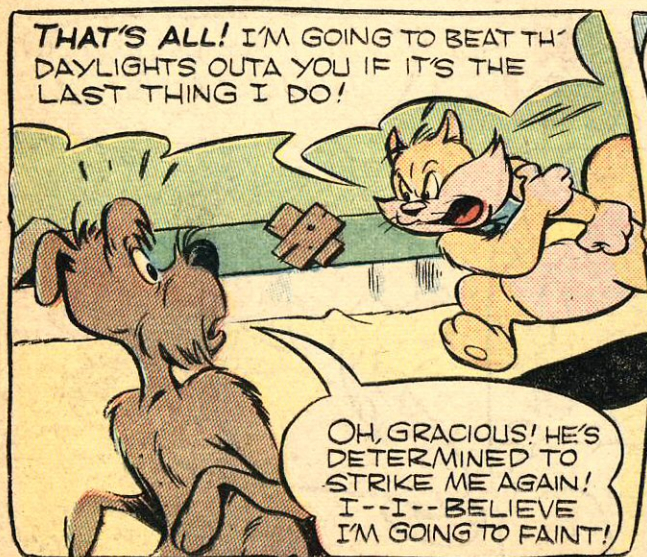
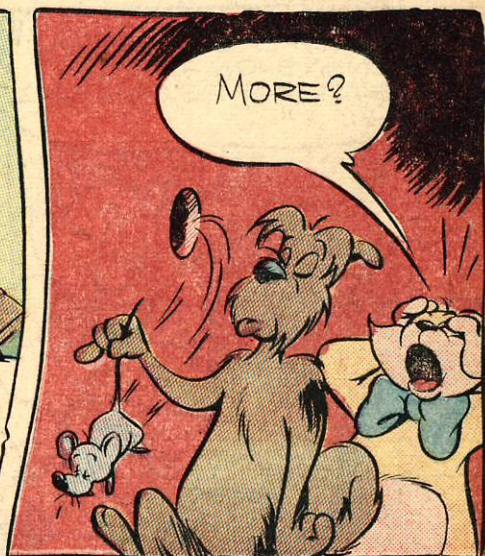
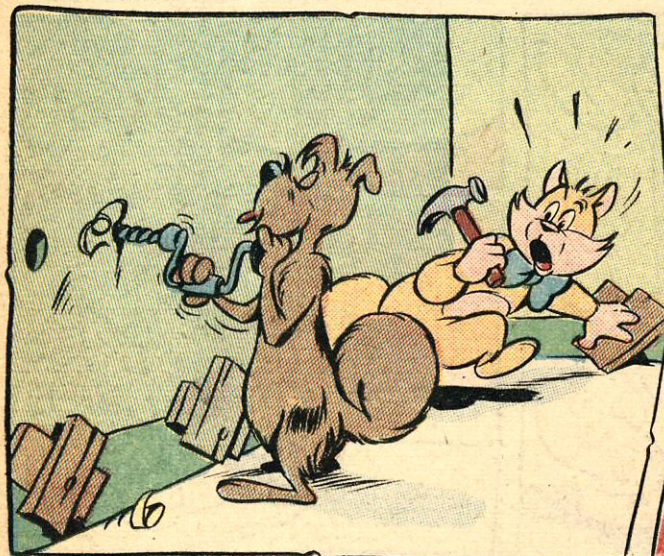
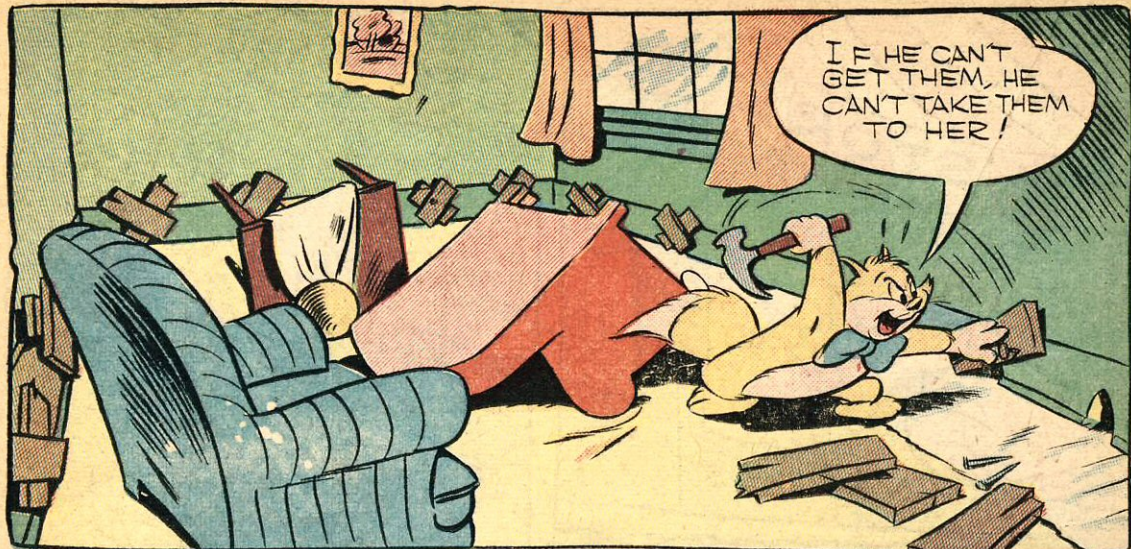
REMEMBER THAT "TIPTOE THRU THE TULIPS" NUMBER WE PRACTISED? WE'LL DO THAT! FOR ONCE, WE'LL HAVE THE JUMP ON THAT MOUSE HOUND! IT'S THE FIRST IMPRESSION THAT COUNTS, AND WE'LL GIVE IT!!









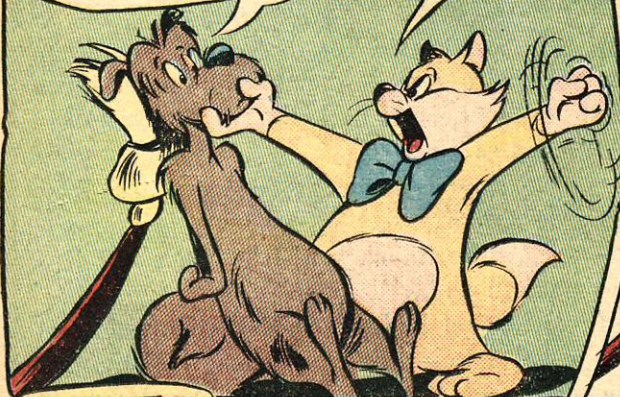


YOU MEAN YOU WOULD STRIKE ME EVEN THOUGH I'M ABOUT TO COLLAPSE?

THAT'S RIGHT! AND HERE GOES!

OH, HEAVENS! DID I DO THAT? TCH!

BOP!



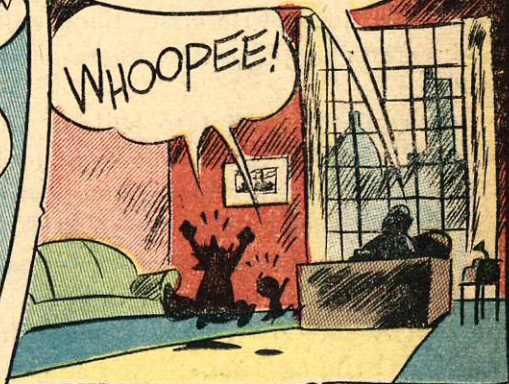
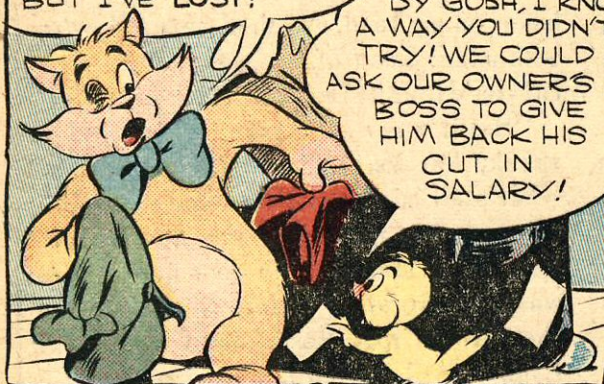
LATER-

I'VE GIVEN UP, MERCEDES! AFTER ALL, IT ISN'T THE FOLKS' FAULT THAT THEY HAD A CUT IN THEIR INCOME! I'VE TRIED EVERY WAY I KNOW OF TO STAY HERE-- BUT I'VE LOST!

BY GOSH, I KNOW A WAY YOU DIDN'T TRY! WE COULD ASK OUR OWNERS' BOSS TO GIVE HIM BACK HIS CUT IN SALARY!

I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD MEAN THE LOSS OF A HOME FOR ONE OF YOU--OF COURSE, I'LL RESTORE HIS SALARY IMMEDIATELY!

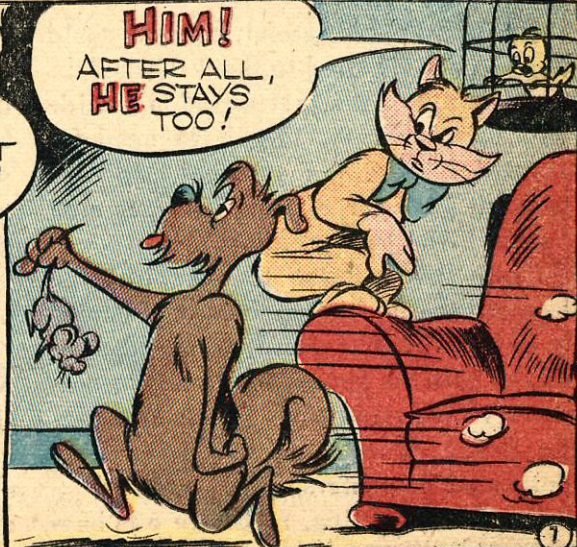
WHOOPEE!



THANKS TO YOU, MERCEDES, I DIDN'T LOSE MY HOME! JUST THINK, THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO MAR MY HAPPINESS!

YEAH, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING!

HIM!
AFTER ALL, **HE** STAYS TOO!



Room for BERTIE

A LARGE TEAR rolled down Bertie Beaver's cheek. Then a loud sob escaped from his throat. There was no question about it. Bertie Beaver was *very* sad!

As he dried his eyes and wondered where to look next, a loud "Ahem!" caused him to look around. "Allow me to introduce myself," said a well-dressed lynx, twirling his gold-headed cane. "I am Lemuel L. Lynx! You appear to be in trouble!"

"I *am*!" Bertie sighed. "I just can't find a place to live in Leafy Forest! All the space seems to be taken or owned by someone! And I want to build a nice, brand-new house with good, thick walls and a pretty fireplace! Oh, where shall I go?"

"You say you want to build a nice house?" Lemuel Lynx appeared to be thinking things over. "Well, your worries are over, my good beaver! It so happens that I own this very property you are looking at and I am going to give it to you as a present! Absolutely free! No charge! You may start building at once!" And he twirled his cane again!

Bertie was so grateful, that he could hardly talk. He tried to thank Lemuel L. Lynx, but Mr. Lynx just waved him aside and said, "There, there! No need for thanks! I know how you feel, my good beaver. Just get to work on your nice house!" And he went away.

Then Bertie began to work like the beaver he was! He cut wood and hauled it and put it together and hammered, sawed and built his house from sun-up to sun-down! It was going to be a beautiful house, for Bertie came from a long line of experienced carpenters.

One sunny morning, as Bertie was bus-

ily working on the roof of his house, he heard a sharp "Ahem!" and looked down to see Lemuel L. Lynx, twirling his cane and smiling.

"How's the house coming along?" he asked.

"Fine, thank you! It's just about finished and..."

Lemuel L. Lynx suddenly looked cruel and sharp-eyed as he spoke. "All right," he said, "you can go away now! This is my land and I'm ordering you *off*! Beat it!"

Bertie couldn't believe his ears. He climbed down and asked beseechingly what he meant.

"I mean that you've just built a new house on my land, and that means they're both mine! Smart of me, wasn't it, to wait till you'd finished building? Heh-heh-heh!"

"But it's *not* ..." Again Bertie tried to speak, but Mr. Lynx would not listen.

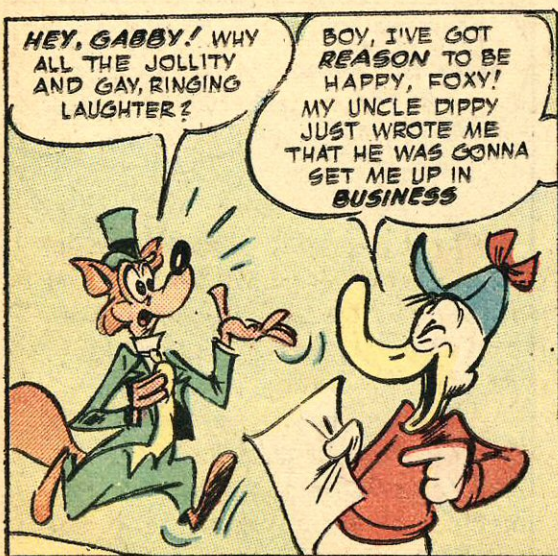
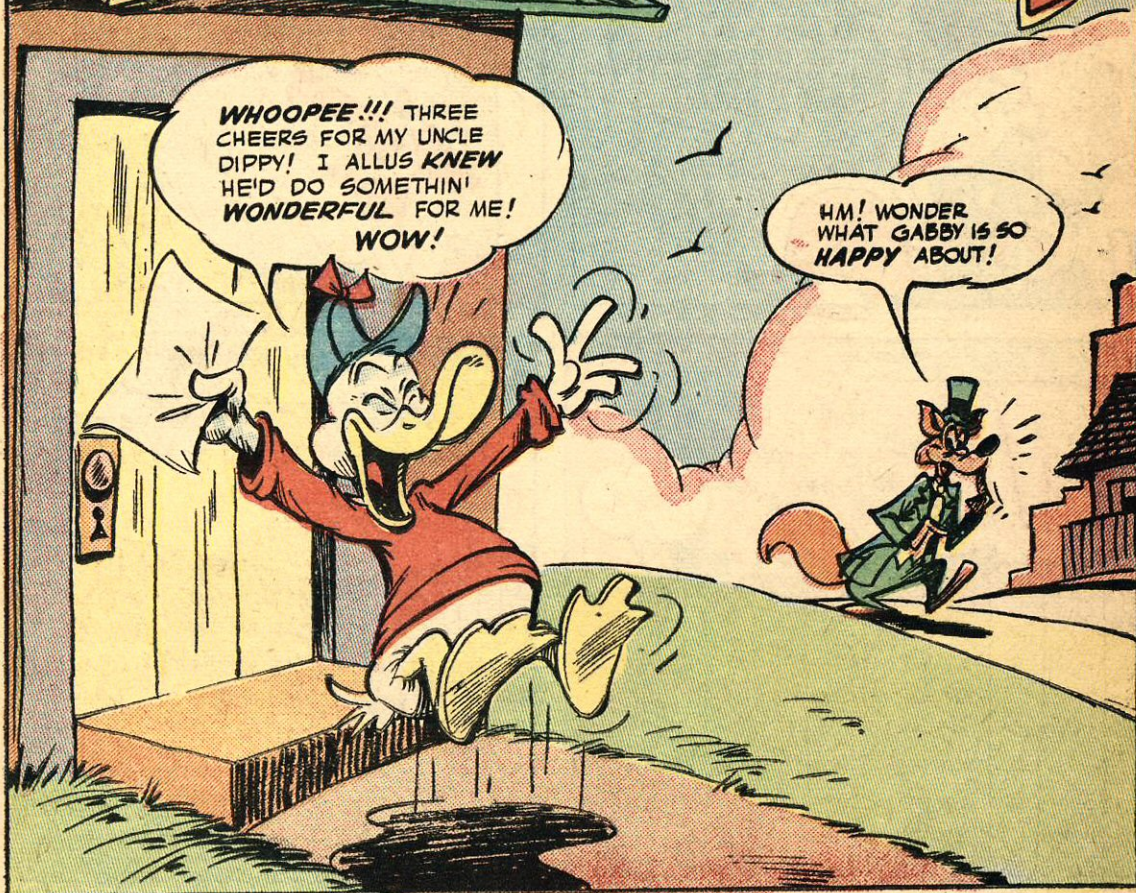
"It's all mine and I'm taking over!" he shouted, stamping into the new house. But, as he slammed the door hard, there was a terrific *blam*! Before Bertie's eyes the whole roof came down about Mr. Lynx's head, laying him low!

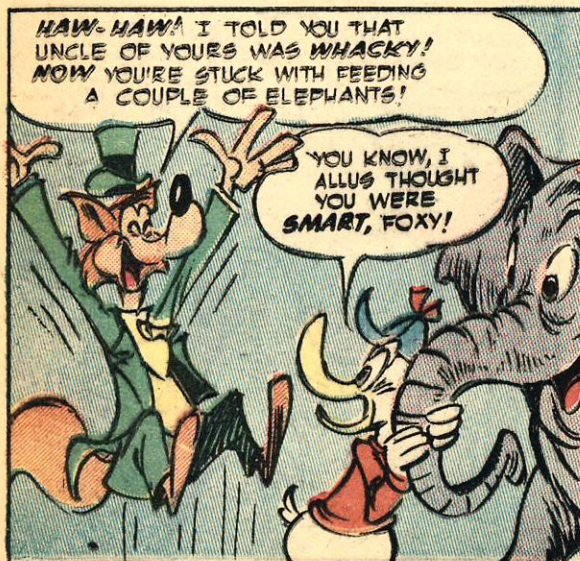
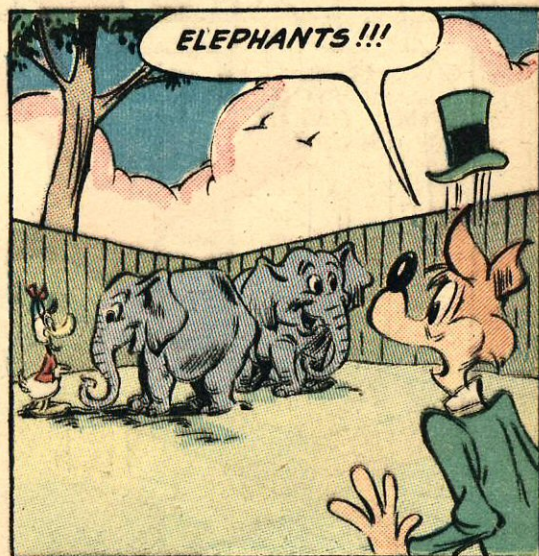
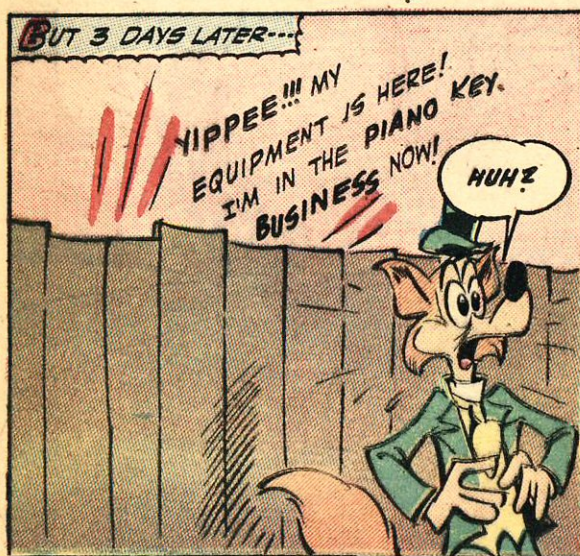
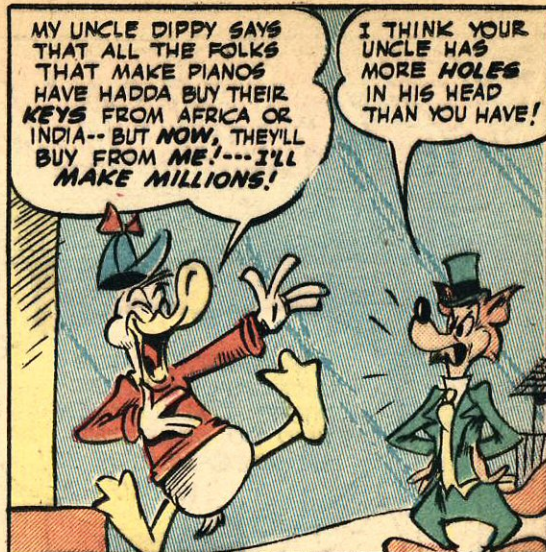
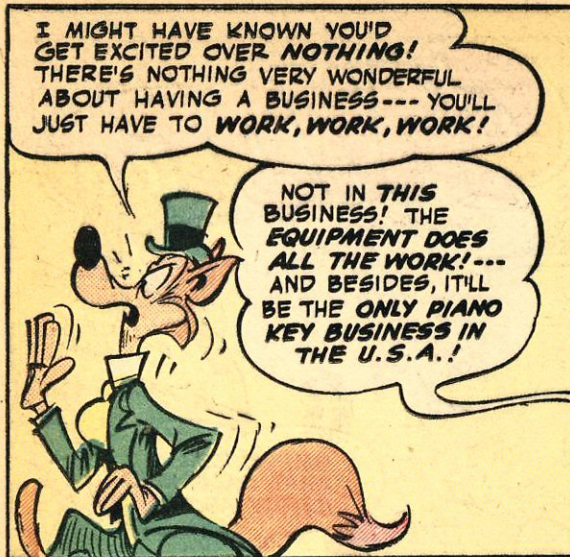
Many Leafy Forest folk heard the crash and gathered to see what it was. Bertie told them his story, and added, "I *tried* to tell him the roof wasn't nailed on yet, but he wouldn't listen!"

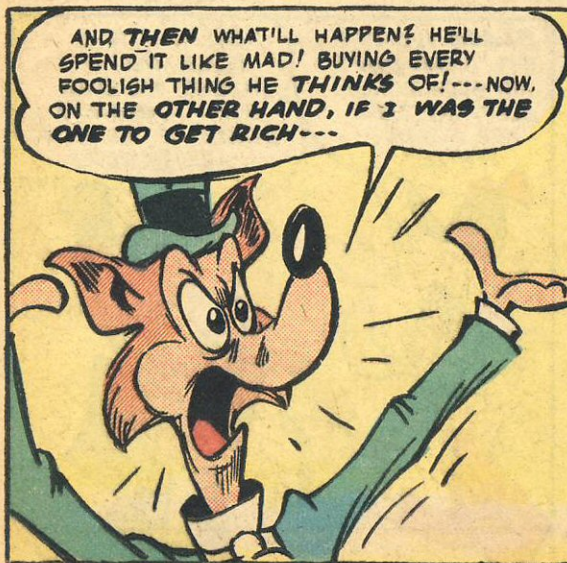
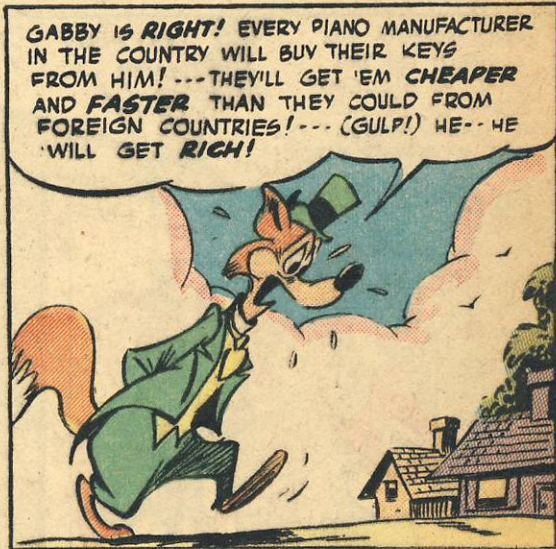
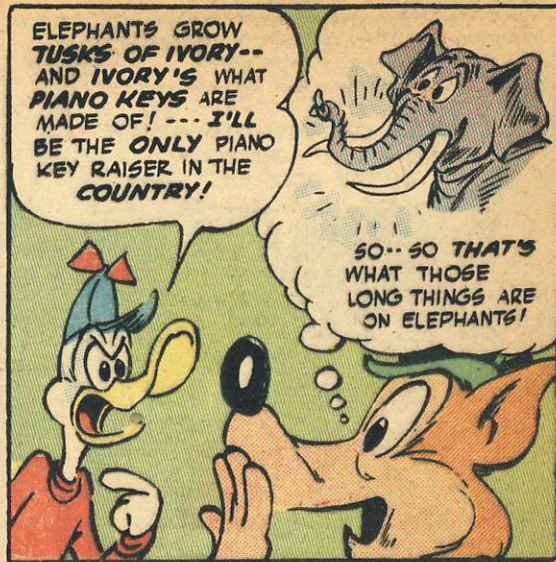
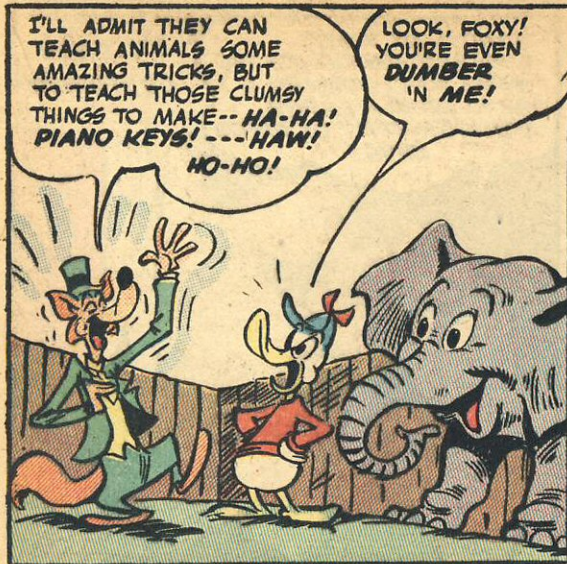
"As spokesman for all of us," said a serious bear, "I want to thank you for giving that mean Lem Lynx exactly what he deserves! He's *always* been a mean old crook, but *this* time, he was punished! I also offer you living space with us... we'll make room for you, Bertie! That is, if you want us as neighbors!"

"Oh!" said Bertie as a large tear rolled down his cheek! But this time, it was a tear of *happiness*!

GABBY GANDER







A FEW MINUTES LATER---

JEEPERS, YOU FELLAS
EAT A LOT!--- THAT'S **90
BAGS OF PEANUTS** ALREADY,
AND--- HM! SOMEBODY
AT THE DOOR!

RING!
RING!

HOWDY! MY NAME'S
C. SHARP MINOR, OF THE
ACME PIANO COMPANY! I
WISH TO ORDER A **LARGE
CONSIGNMENT OF PIANO
KEYS!**

**MY FIRST
CUSTOMER!**

WHOOPEE!!! I'M
ALREADY ON THE
ROAD TO SUCCESS!
COME ON IN, MR.
C. SHARP MINOR! I'LL
GET MY ORDER BOOK!

VERY WELL!

I THINK I OUGHTA
TELL YA, THERE'LL
BE A SLIGHT DELAY---
MY IVORY IS
JUST GROWIN'!

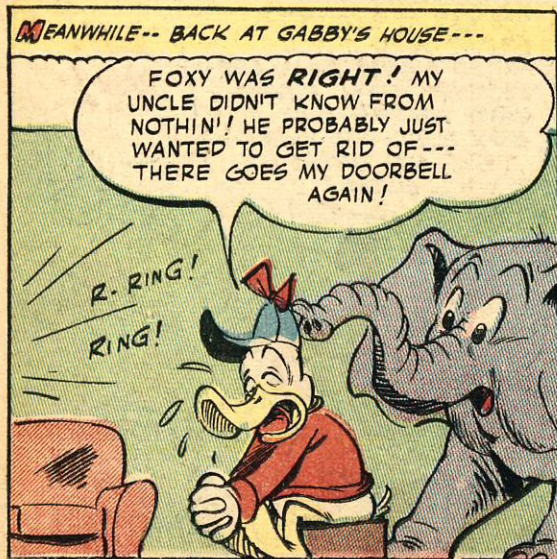
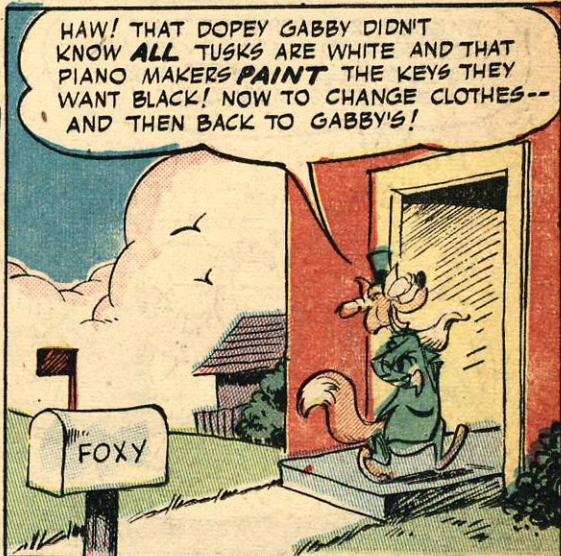
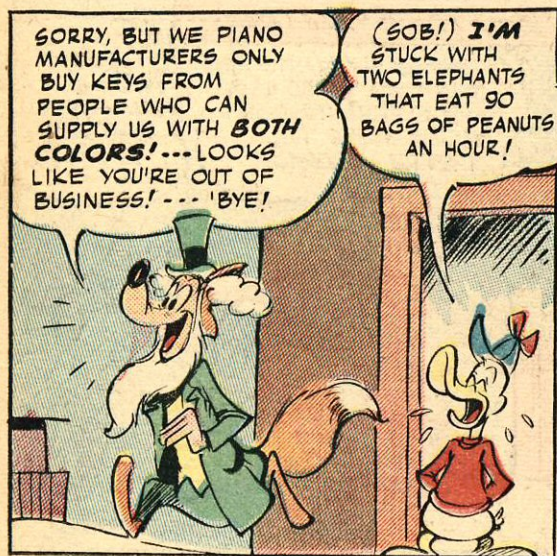
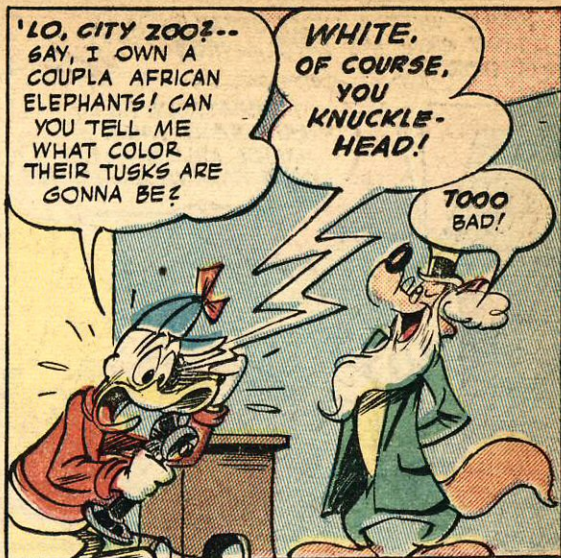
PERFECTLY ALL
RIGHT! 4 OR 5
DAYS WON'T
MAKE **ANY**
DIFFERENCE!

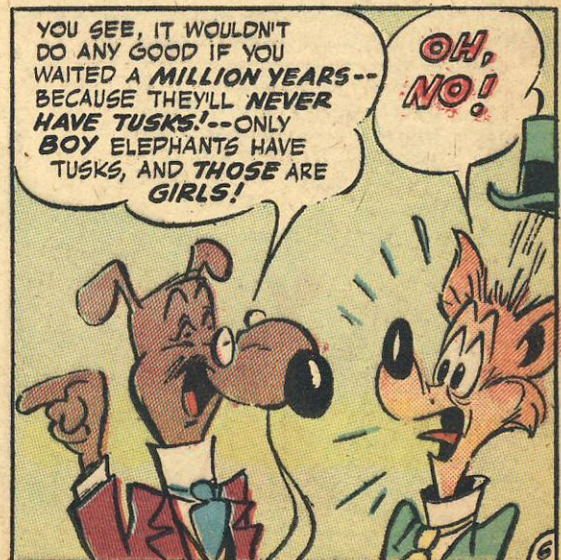
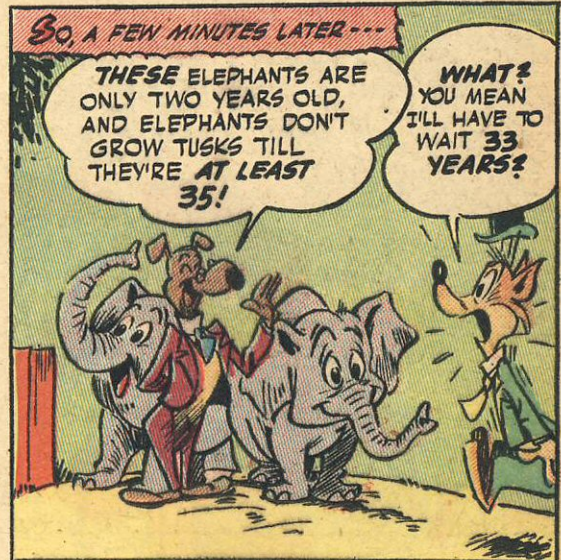
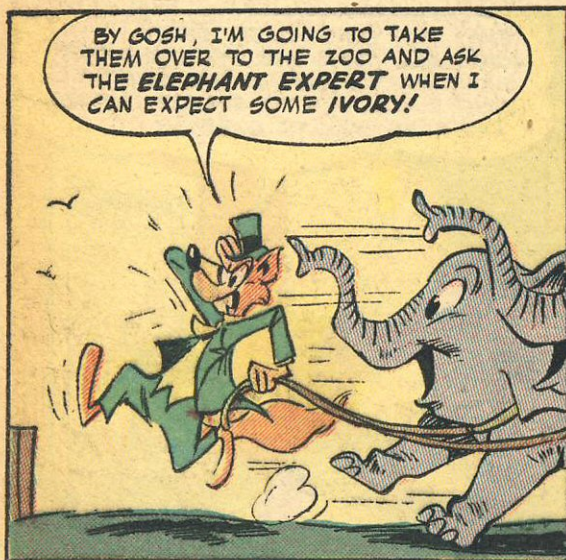
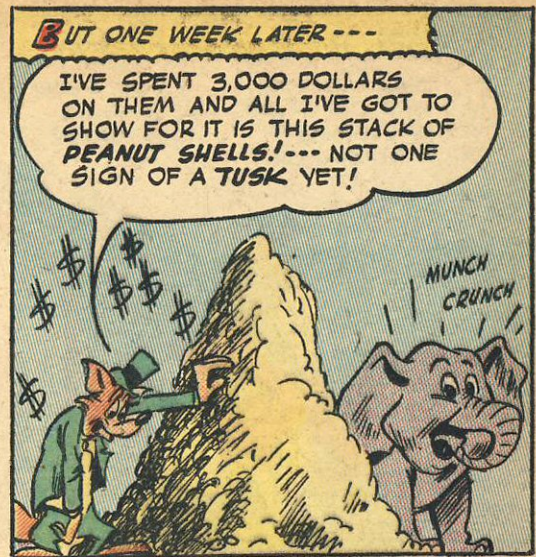
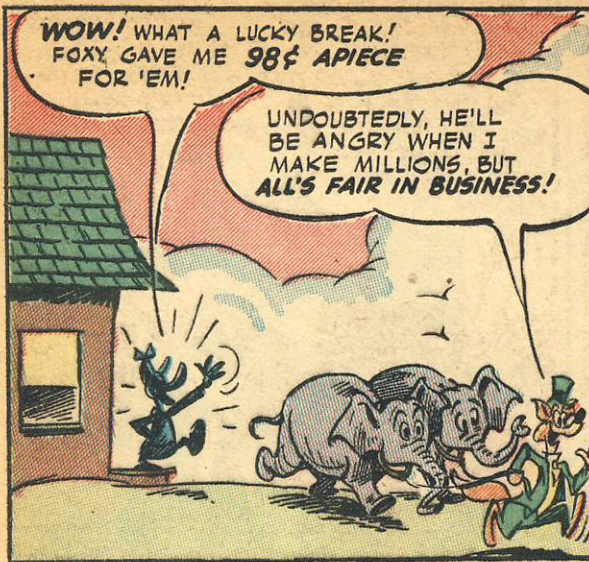
NOW THEN, HOW
MANY KEYS DID
YOU WISH TO
ORDER?

THREE THOUSAND!
--- AND I WANT THE
BLACK IVORY
ONES --- I'VE GOT
PLENTY OF THE
WHITE RIGHT NOW!

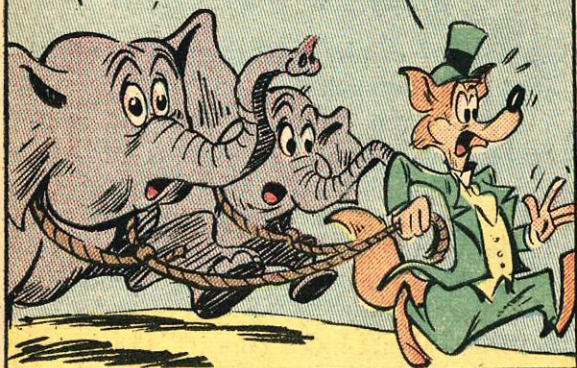
BLACK IVORY?
BUT THERE **ISN'T**
ANY SUCH THING!
ELEPHANT TUSKS
ARE ALWAYS
WHITE!

TCH! TCH! TCH!
COME, SIR! ---
HAVEN'T YOU EVER
SEEN A **PIANO?**
**SOME OF THE KEYS
ARE BLACK!**



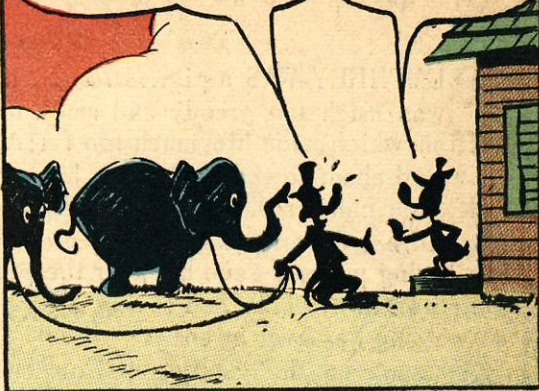


WHAT A HORRIBLE DEVELOPMENT!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO---
SELL THEM BACK TO GABBY!



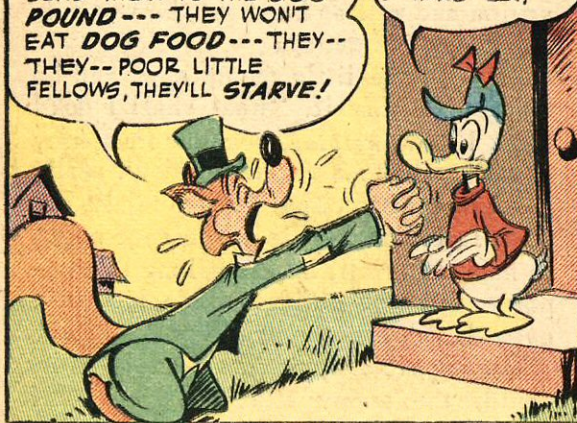
ER-- HELLO, GABBY! ---
ER-- MY CIRCUS JOB
FELL THROUGH, SO
I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE
TO BUY BACK YOUR
ELEPHANTS!

YOU KIDDIN'?
HAW! I WOULDN'T
HAVE 'EM FOR
ANYTHING!---
THEY EAT
TOO MUCH!



GABBY! DO YOU REALIZE
WHAT THAT **MEANS?** MY
HOUSE ISN'T BIG ENOUGH
FOR THEM! I'LL HAVE TO
SEND THEM TO THE **DOG**
POUND--- THEY WON'T
EAT **DOG FOOD**--- THEY--
THEY-- POOR LITTLE
FELLOWS, THEY'LL **STARVE!**

"**SNIFF**"
YEAH! POOR
LIL' FELLERS!
-- OKAY, I'LL
TAKE 'EM!



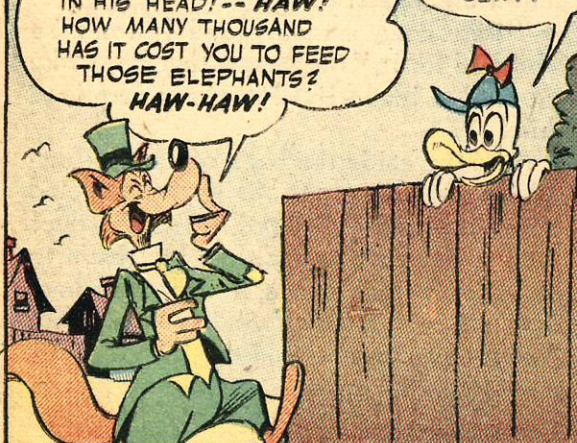
WHEW! WHAT A RELIEF! I HAD TO PAY
GABBY **5 DOLLARS**--- BUT SO WHAT?
IT'LL **COST HIM** A THOUSAND A WEEK
TO FEED 'EM! -- I WON'T GET RICH,
BUT NEITHER WILL **HE!**



ONE WEEK LATER---

WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY
FRIEND WITH THE HOLES
IN HIS HEAD!-- **HAW!**
HOW MANY THOUSAND
HAS IT COST YOU TO FEED
THOSE ELEPHANTS?
HAW-HAW!

HUH?-- WHY
THEY HAVEN'T
COST ME A
CENT!



YA GEE, I TRADED 'EM
FOR THOSE **TRAINED**
APES!--- SHUCKS, I'M
MAKIN' MONEY!



GABBY GANDER
HAND LAUNDRY
ALSO ERRANDS RUN &
PAINTING CHEAP---
Inquire within

END

PUMPHREY *and the* PUP

PUMPHREY WAS a pig...*all over!* He was much too greedy and much too selfish, which made him much too fat! All he cared about in the world was his own self! You can plainly see that Pumphrey Pig did *not* deserve the birthday present his loving parents gave him, for the present was as friendly and loving a puppy as anyone has ever seen!

As soon as the puppy saw Pumphrey and knew that he was his new master, he went to kiss Pumphrey and do tricks for him. But the selfish pig just looked at him scornfully and said, "I have no time for you! I'm going to eat my dinner now!"

As the days went by, the little pup tried very hard to make friends with his owner. He would wag his tail and bark cheerfully whenever Pumphrey waddled into sight. But Pumphrey paid no attention to him. Most of the time, he forgot to feed the puppy, and very often he forgot to take him out for a nice walk in the fresh air. One day he forgot to give the puppy any water to drink, and it was only by luck that the clever little dog found a faucet which had not been quite turned off in the bathtub upstairs.

Naturally, the puppy began to feel discouraged about making friends with Pumphrey. In fact, he was pretty sure he didn't *want* to be friends with such a selfish, greedy master.

"Guess I'll just mind my own business and take care of myself as best I can," he decided. "Master doesn't want me, anyhow!" After that, the puppy learned to open the front door all by himself, so that he could go walking when he pleased.

One afternoon, as the puppy was out enjoying the fresh air, he happened to see Pumphrey walking down Main Street, holding two bulging sacks of candy, one in each hand. Pumphrey's cheeks were

so full of candy, too, that they bulged just like the sacks.

Then, from a doorway, a large pig stepped out and collared Pumphrey. "Gimme dat candy!" the pig demanded roughly.

"No, no, no!" Pumphrey squealed, trying to hide the sacks behind his back. To him, there was nothing more precious than candy!

"Den I'll just hafta *take* it!" the stranger said. He put one arm around Pumphrey's neck, so tightly that the greedy pig began to turn blue and choke for air. "Stop it! Stop!" he pleaded, as the blows began to land unmercifully upon him. But squirm and yell as he might, he was taking a terrific beating.

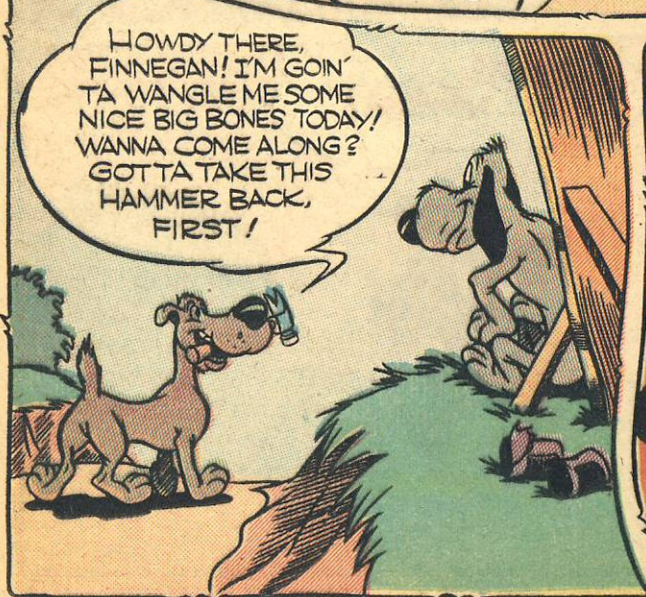
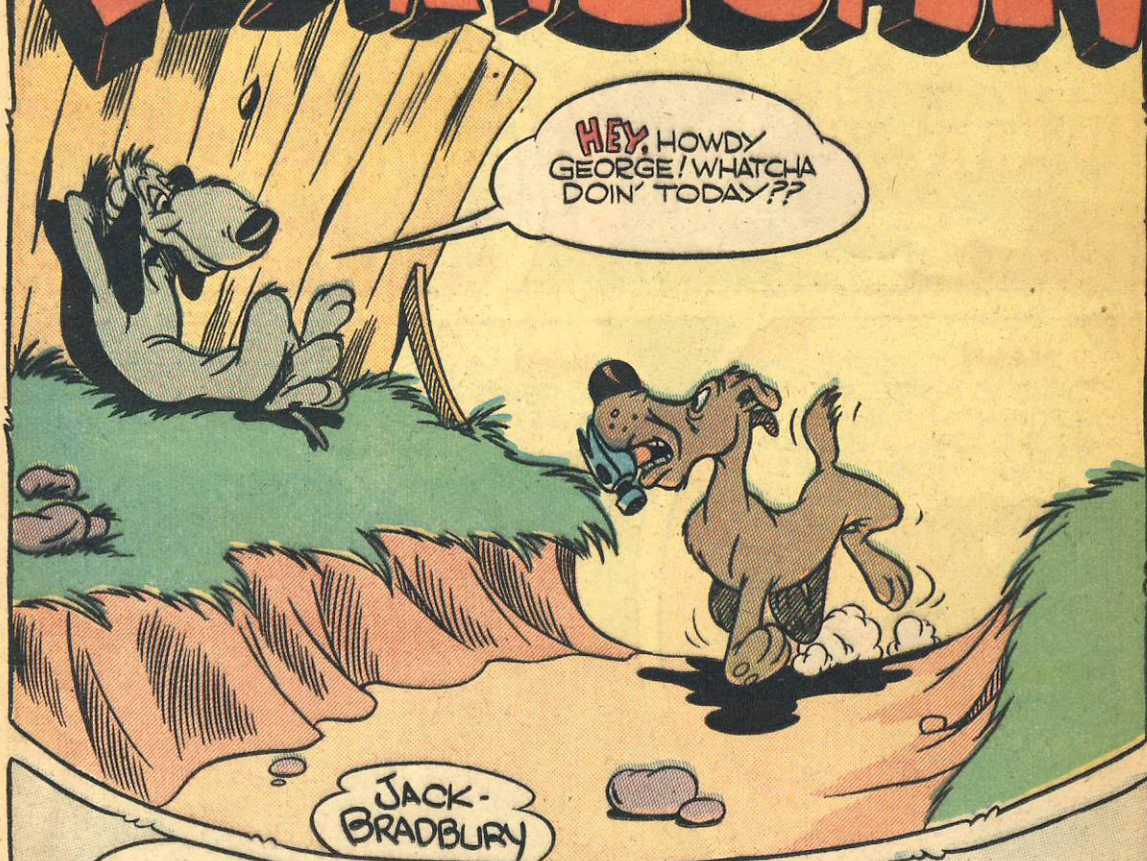
All this the little puppy saw, and he thought to himself, "What shall I do? I think I'll do *nothing*, because Pumphrey is such a bad master, that I don't really like him and don't *want* to help him!" But as he turned away, his conscience began to hurt. After all, he *did* belong to Pumphrey and was obliged to do his duty, even though his master did not!

Yipping and snapping as fiercely as he could, the puppy attacked. "Oh, Ow! Help!" cried the pig who was pummeling Pumphrey. "Leggo, ya danged dog!" But the puppy would *not* let go until Pumphrey was free and his attacker had run down the street.

"I've done my duty and I won't be thanked for it," the puppy thought, as he started to leave. But Pumphrey surprised him!

Kicking aside the bags of candy, Pumphrey walked over to the puppy, knelt at his side and whispered, "Thanks, pup! You were nicer to me than I've been to you! You've taught me a lesson...and from now on...you'll see!" And see they did! For a better master and dog have seldom been found!

FINNEGAN



BE RIGHT OUT.
FINNEGAN! THAT WAS
QUITE A LITTLE
TROT OVER HERE.
HUH?

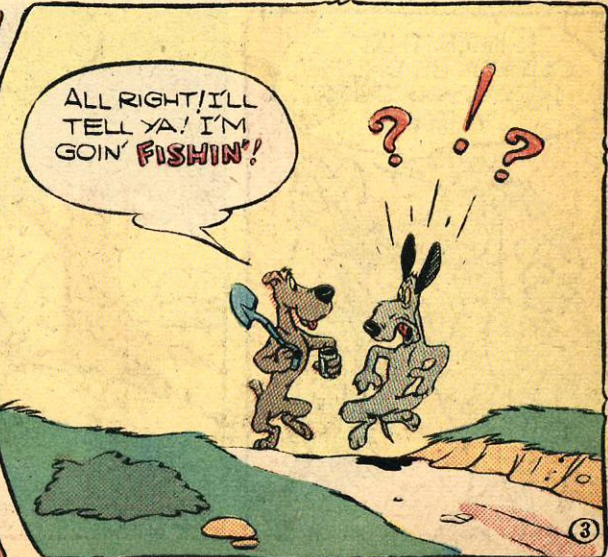
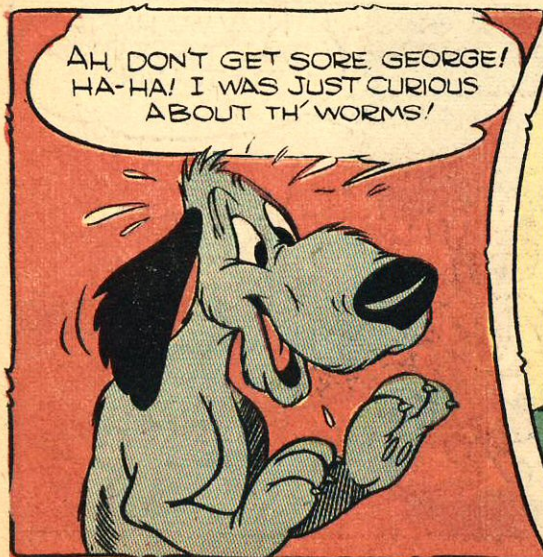
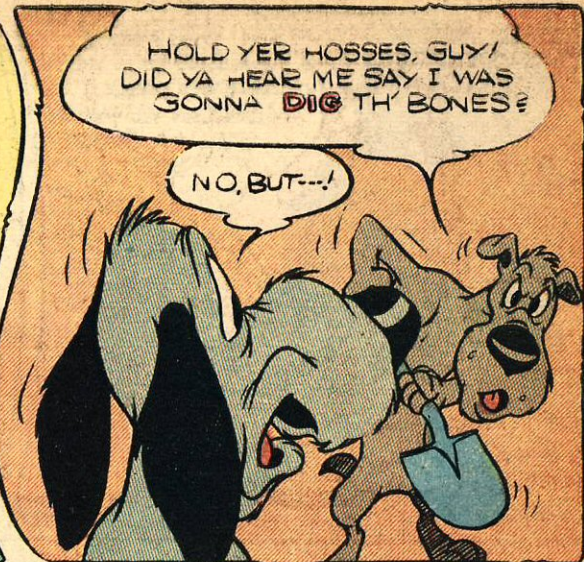
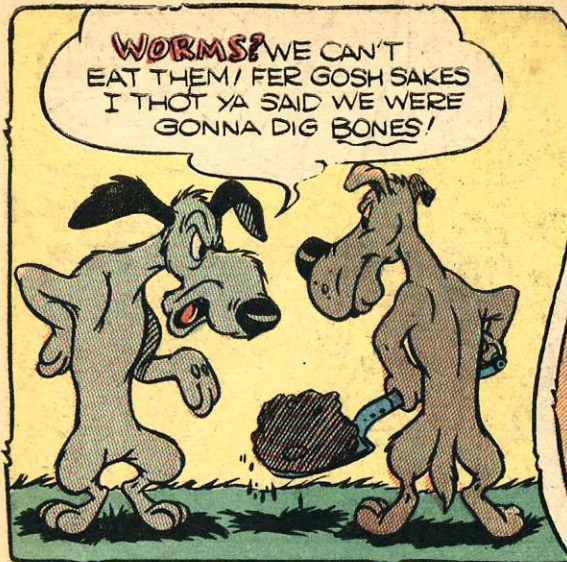
BOY, YOU
AIN'T WOOFIN'!
PUFF! PUFF! THAT
BONE BETTER BE
GOOD!

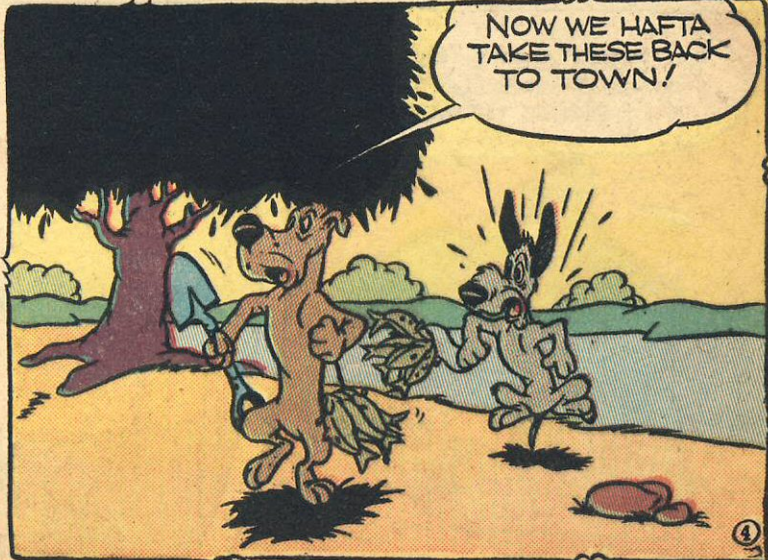
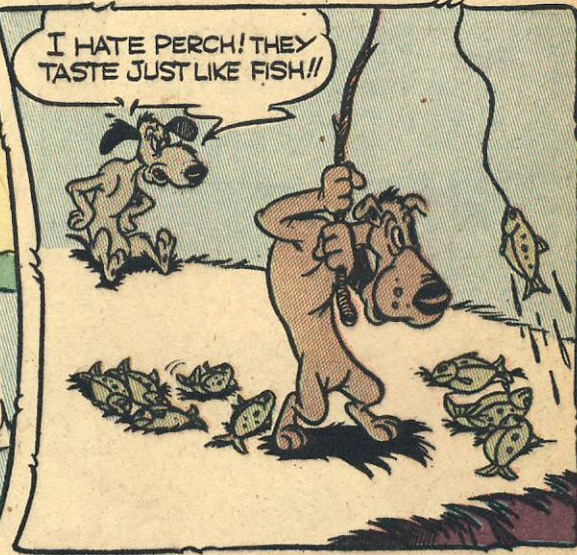
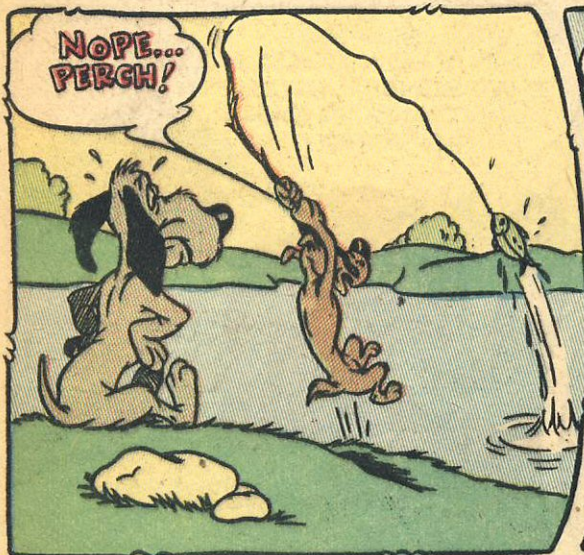
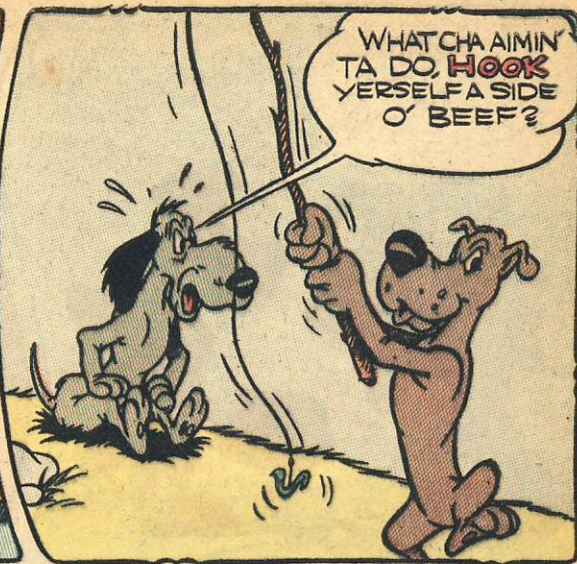
HEY, A SHOVEL! WHERE'S
TH' BONES, GEORGE? DIDN'T
THEY HAVE ANY? DON'T TELL
ME THEY'RE FRESH
OUT!

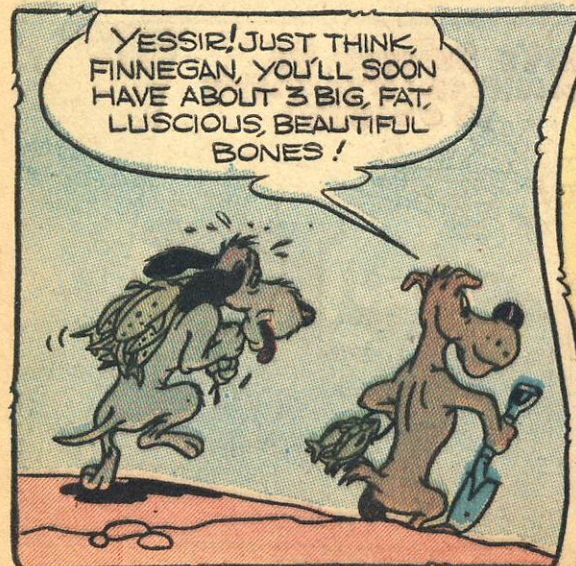
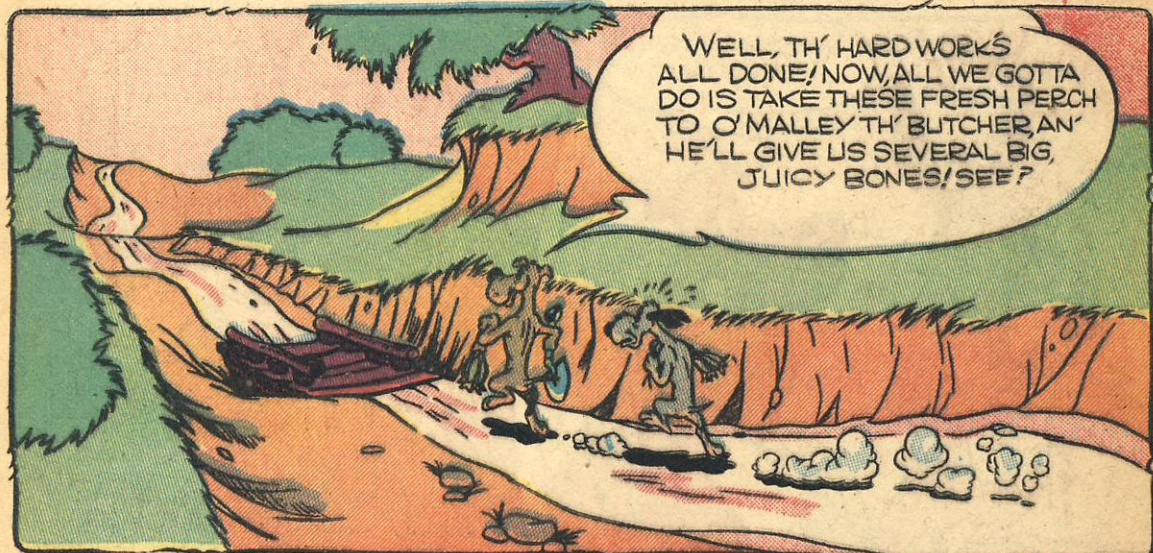
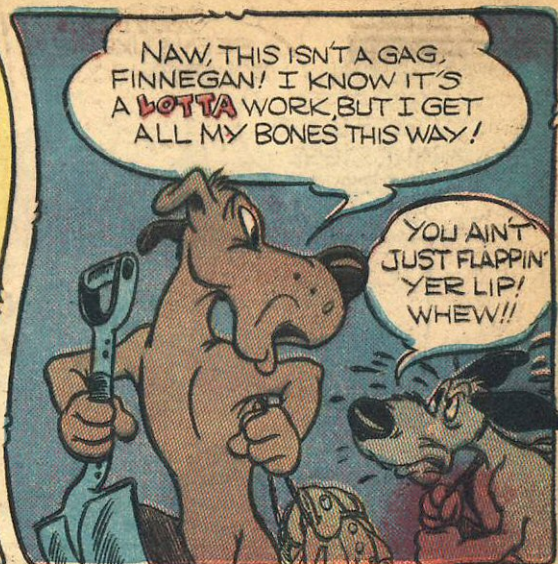
NAW! I JEST
CAME BY HERE TA
RETURN TH' HAMMER
SO'S I COULD BORROW
THE SHOVEL! SEE?

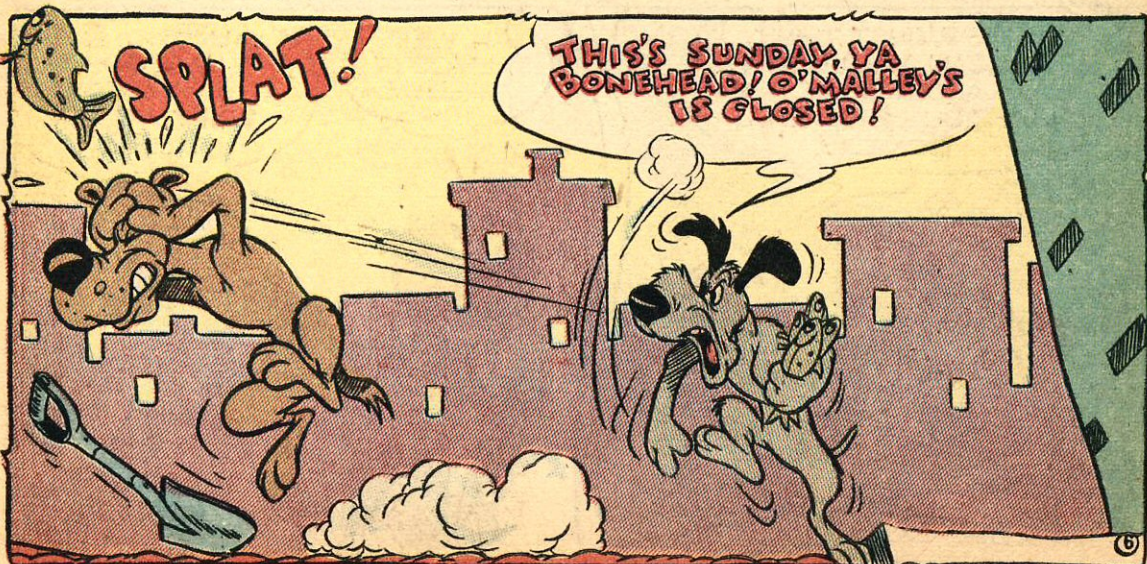
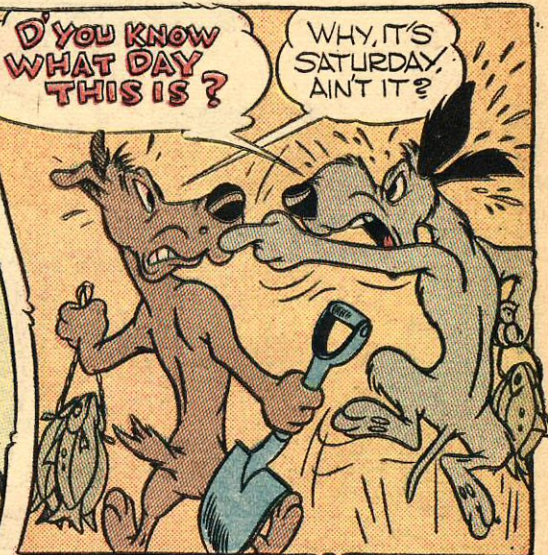
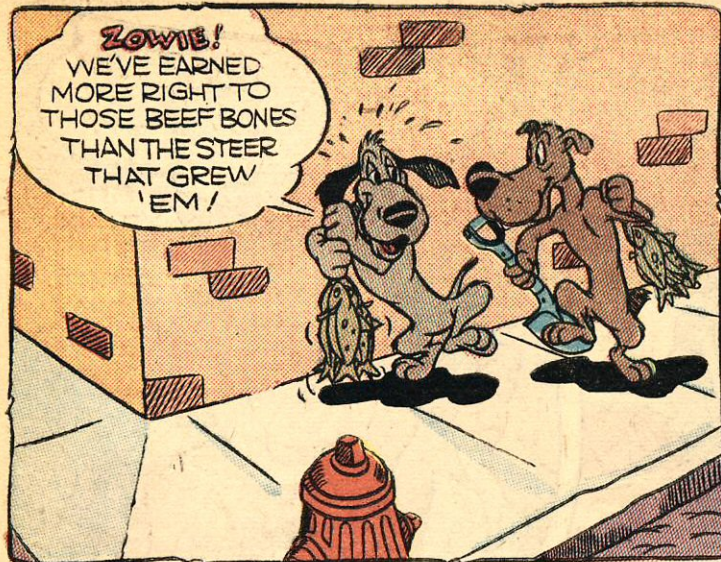
GOSH, YA HAD ME WORRIED! I THOT
MAYBE WE WERE OUTA LUCK! WE'RE GONNA
TAKE TH' SHOVEL AN' GO **DIG** SOME
BONES, EH?

NOPE! GONNA
DIG **WORMS!**

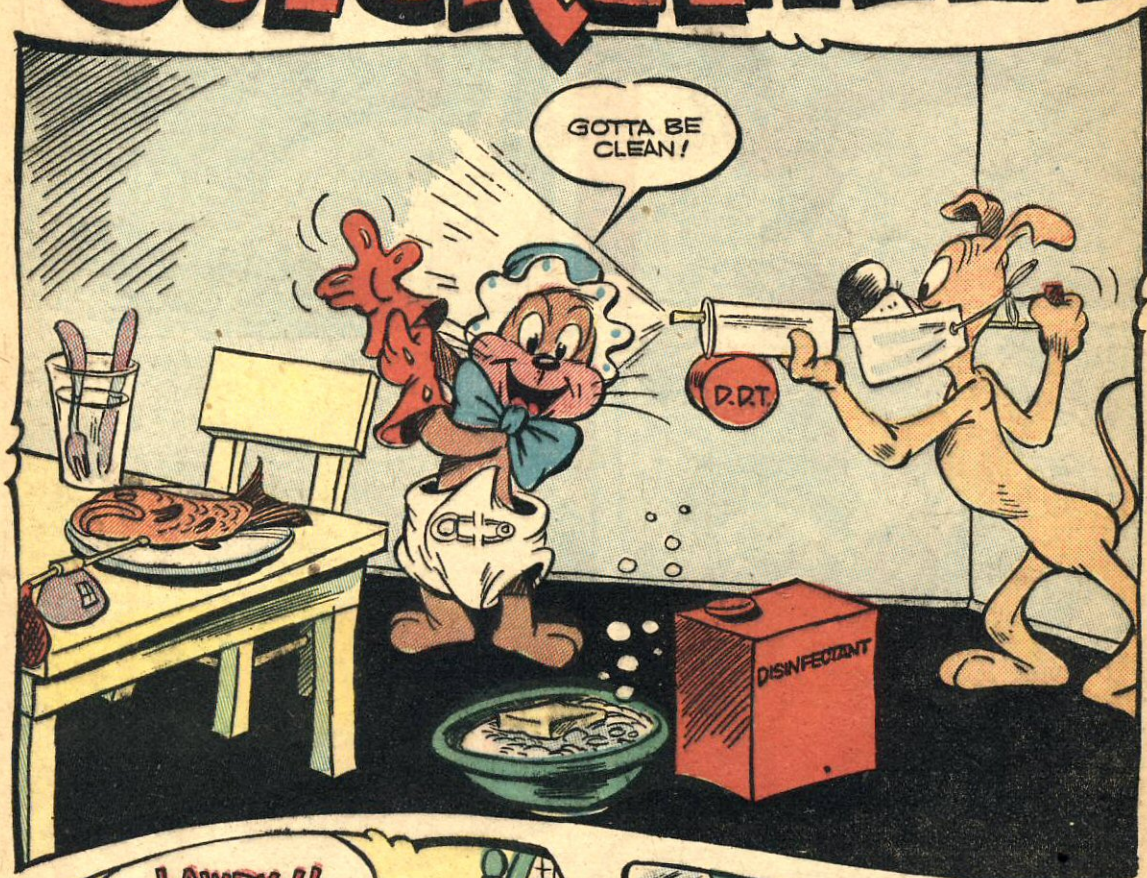


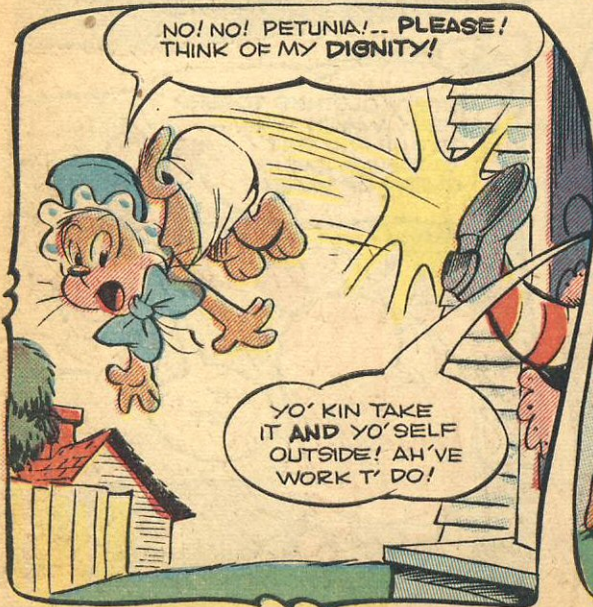
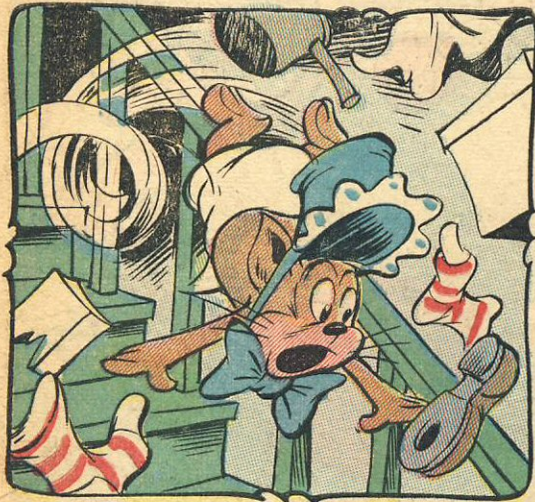
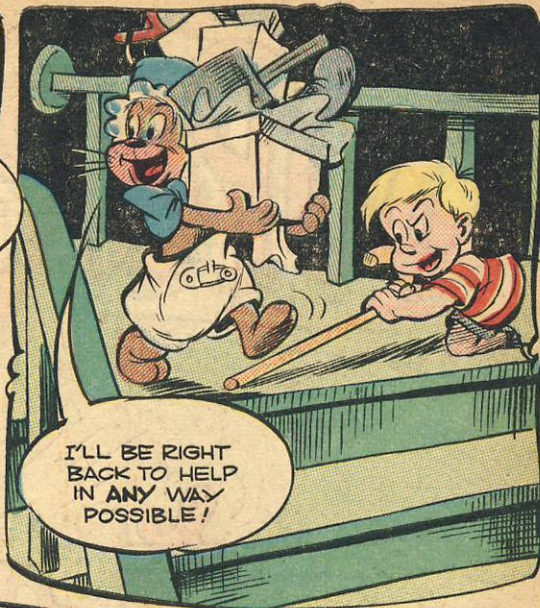
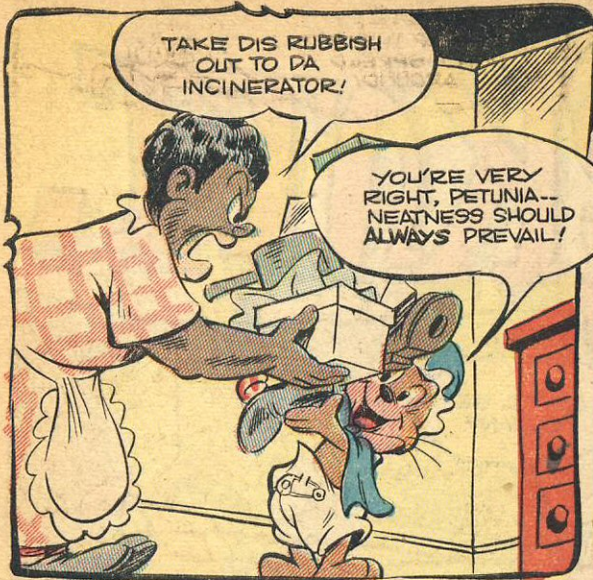


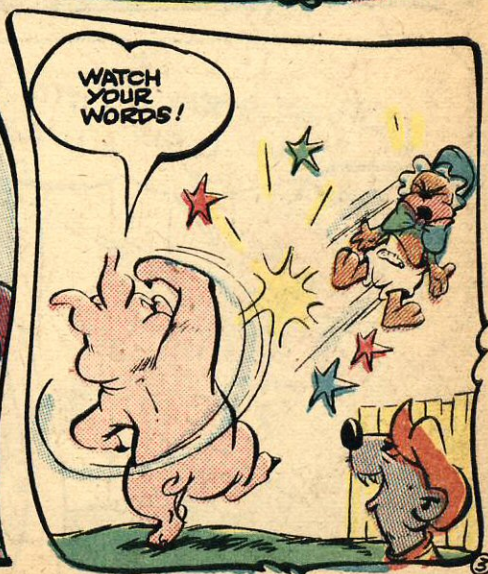
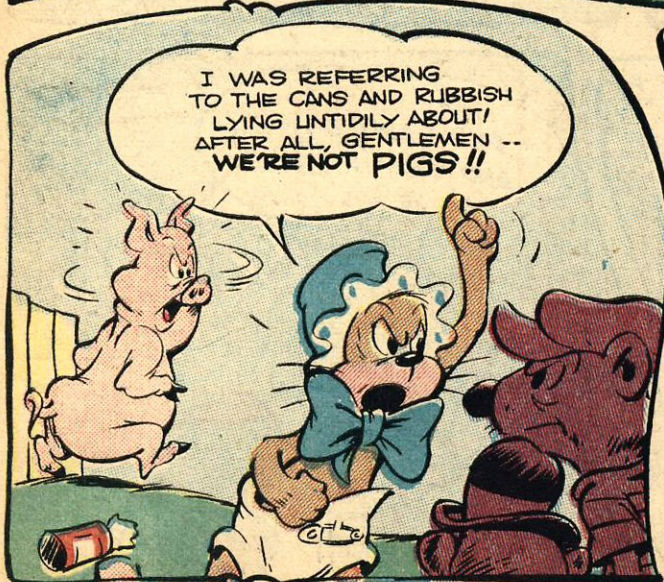
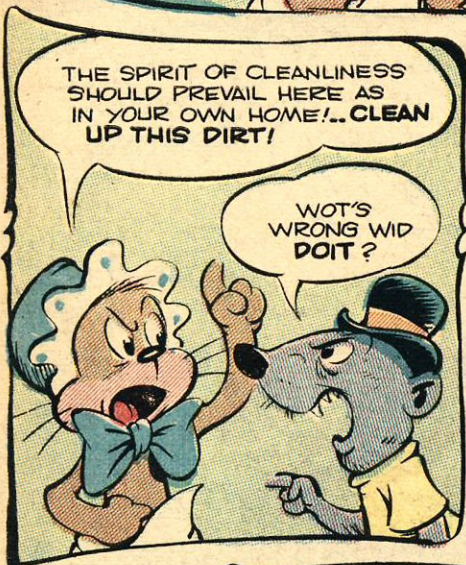


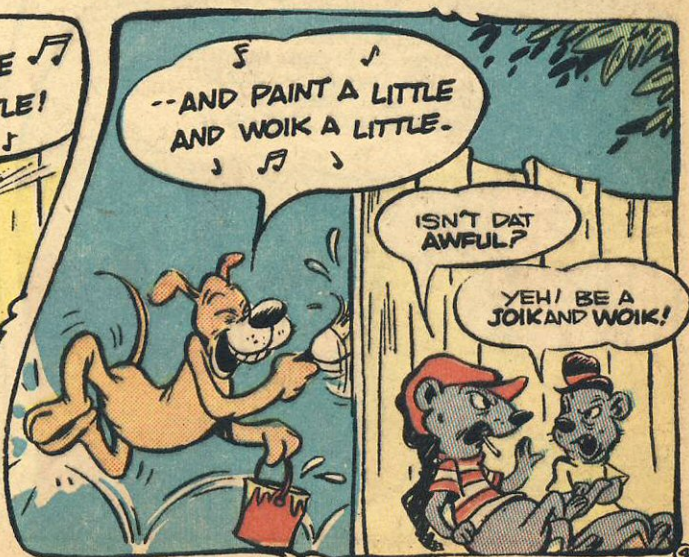
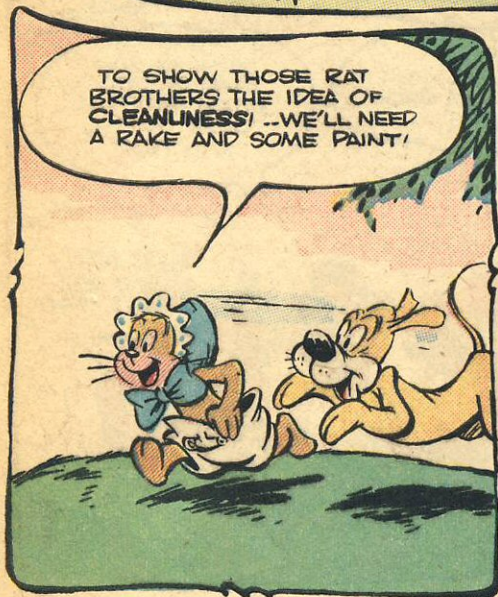
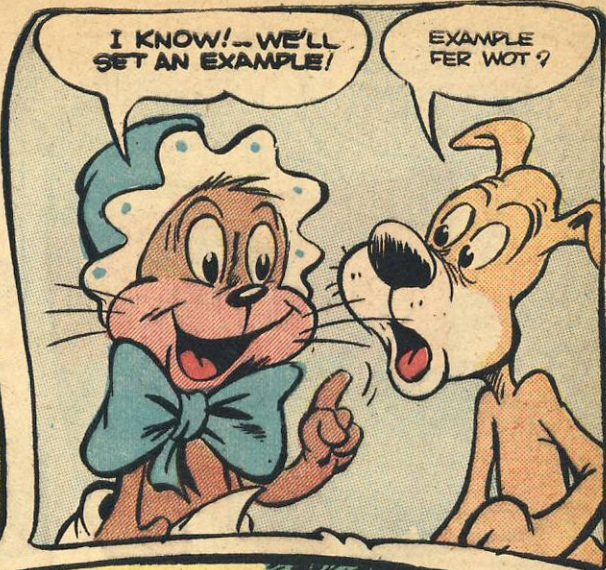


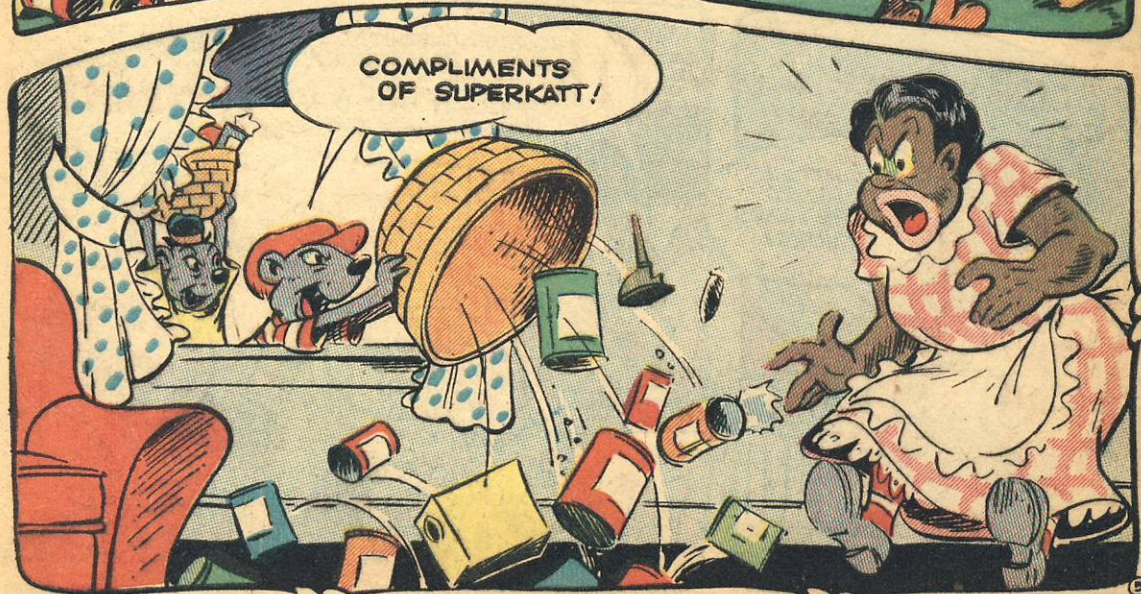
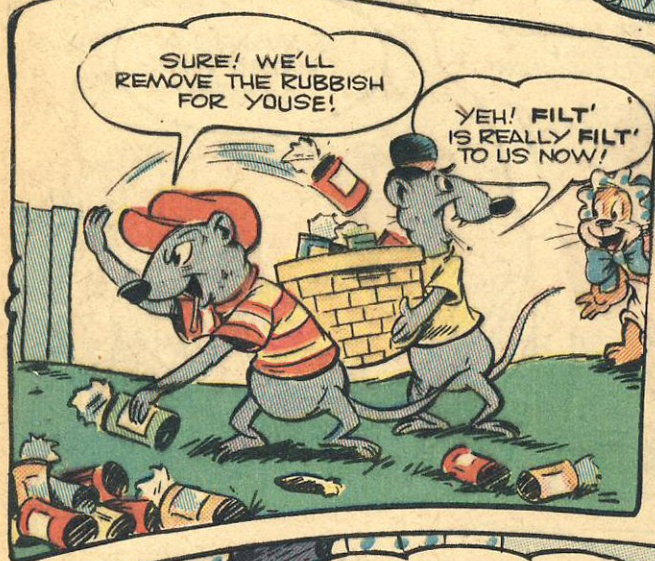
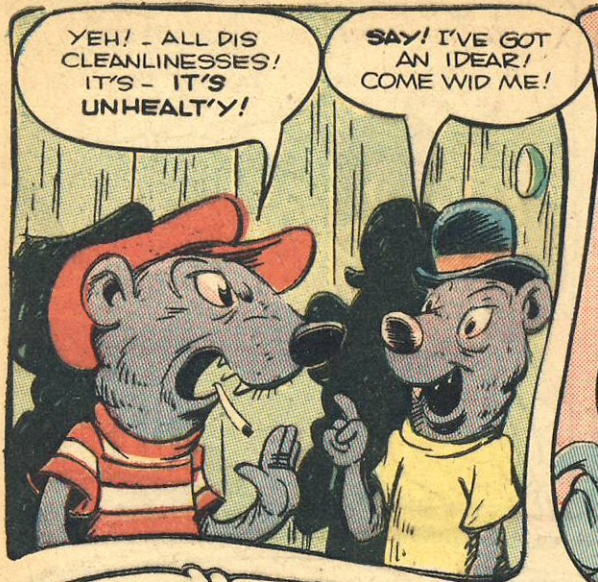
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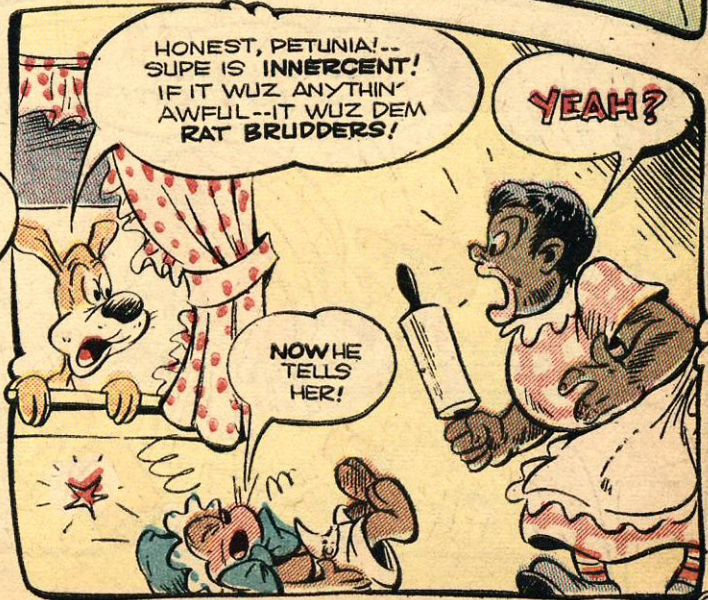
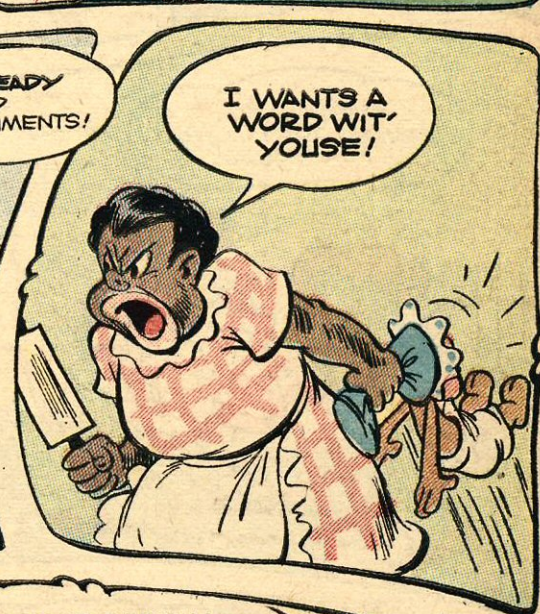
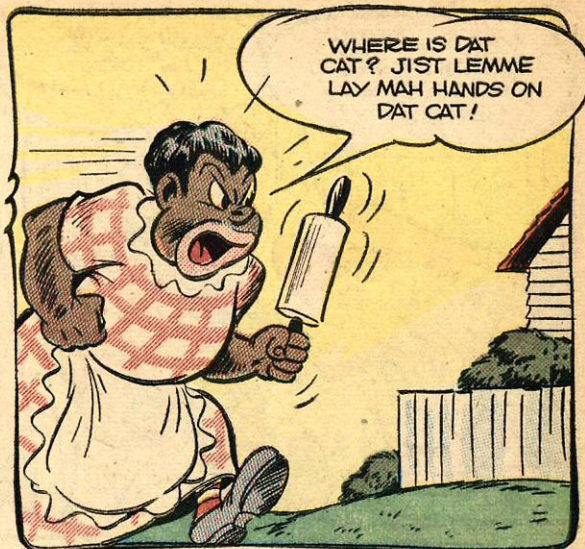
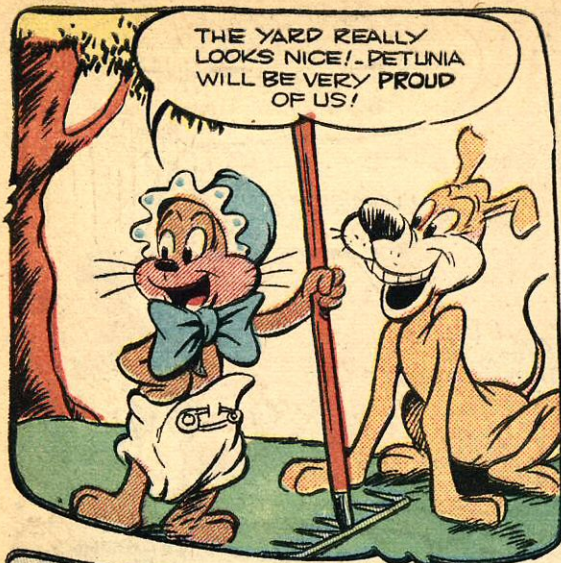


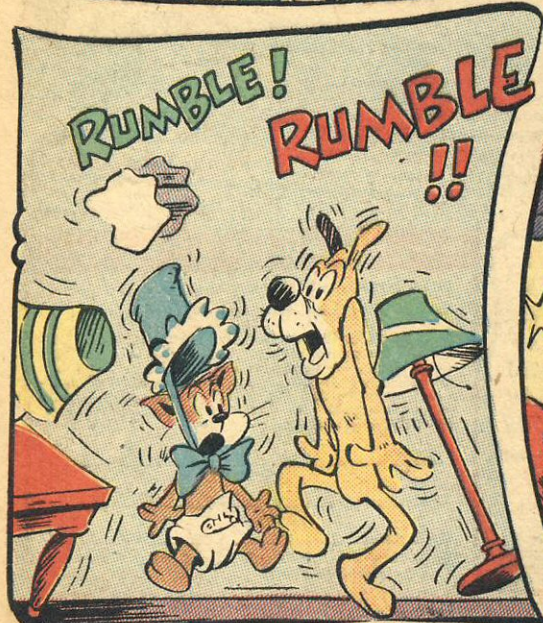
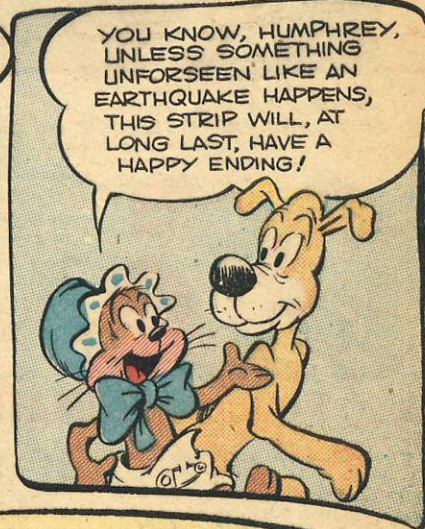
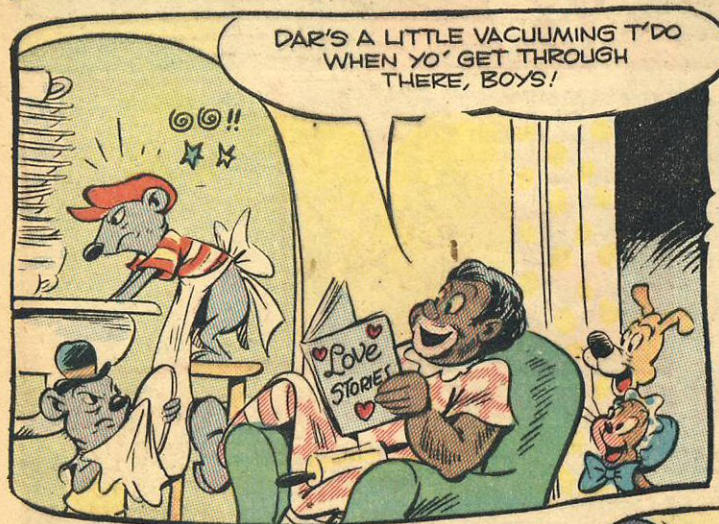
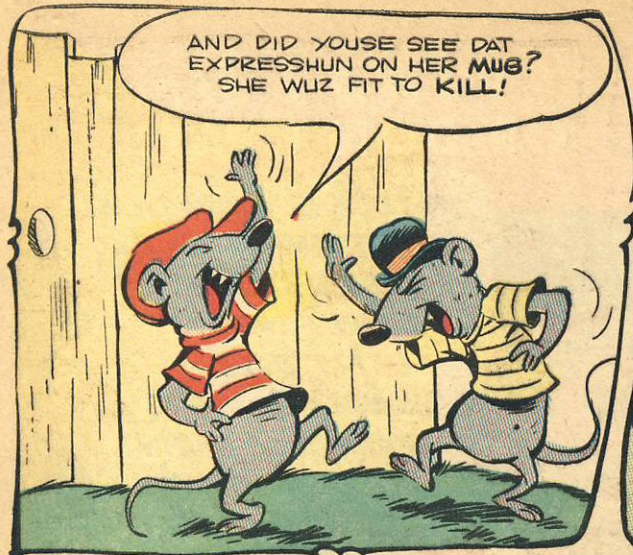












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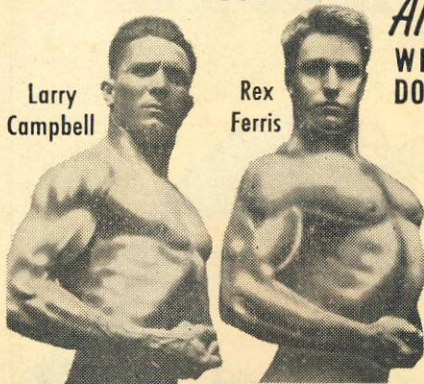
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